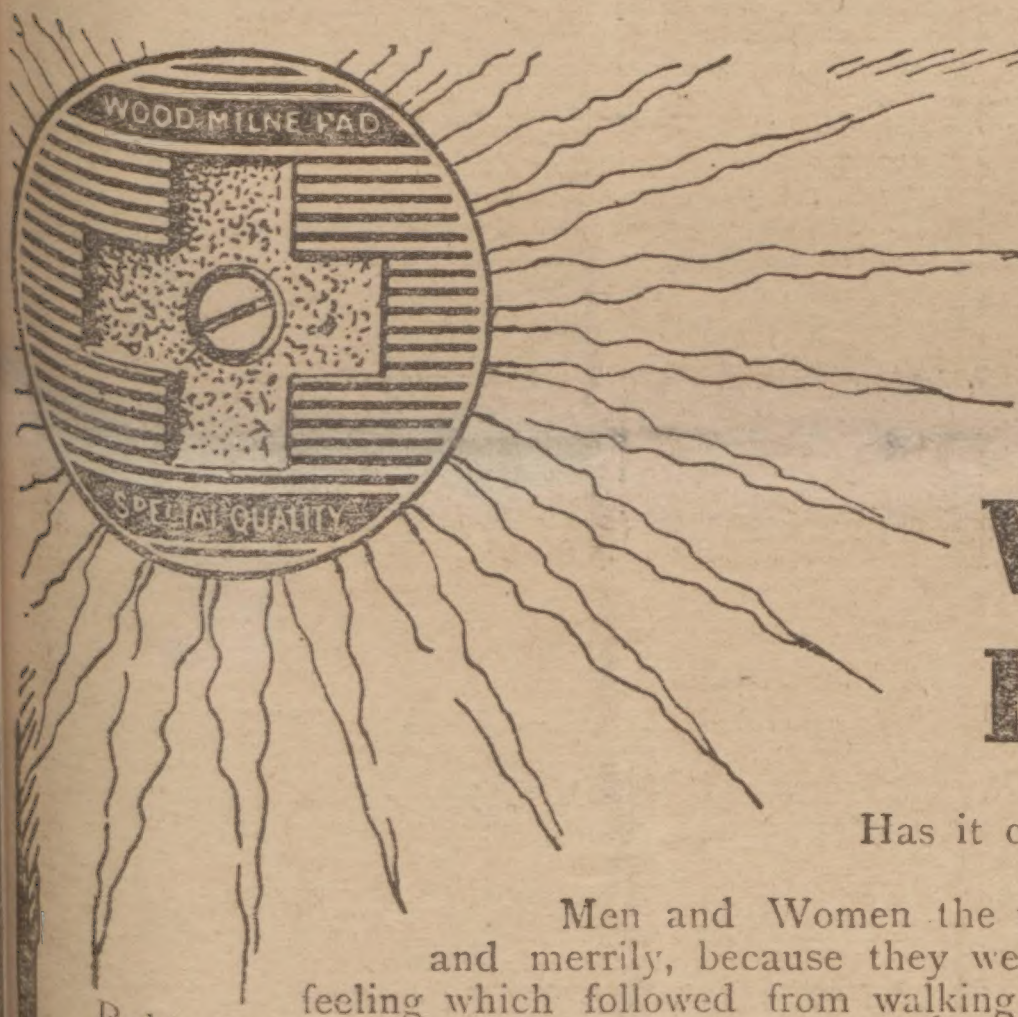
TO NEWSAGENTS: If you find any difficulty in getting a poster with your copies of this paper, please drop a post-card to our Publishing Department, 2¹, Tudor Street, London, E.C. We shall then send you a poster direct by post every week.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 119. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 11TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.



The Dawn of Comfort

Came to millions with the introduction of

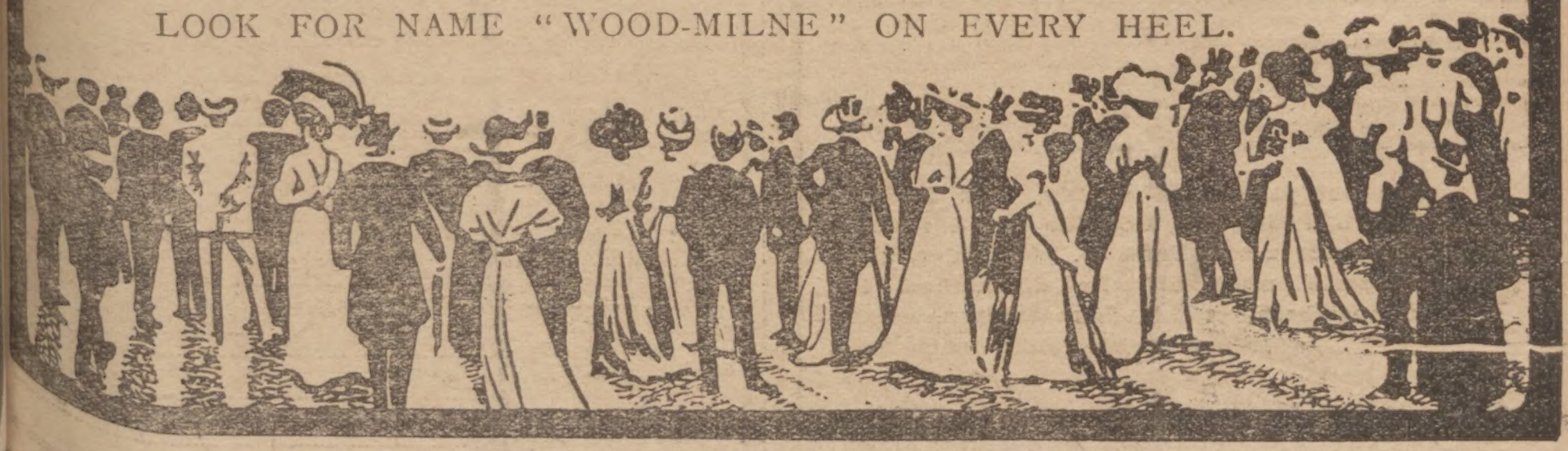
WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels

Has it come to you?

Men and Women the world over find the day slip along happily and merrily, because they wear these heels, and so avoid the old weary feeling which followed from walking on hard paved streets. WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels make the hard road seem as soft and luxurious as the mossy turf, nature's carpet, which the necessities of modern life deny to the millions who live in cities.

Moreover WOOD-MILNE Heels herald economy in the boot world, as they double the life of boots, keep them in shape and save repairs.

LOOK FOR NAME "WOOD-MILNE" ON EVERY HEEL.



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ZEDEX
FOR THE NERVES
THE PILL WITH A RECORD.

4/6 BOX for 2/6.

"A Combination of Costly Tonics and Nerve Foods ensuring wonderful strength and endurance."

A Scientific Cure for **Neurasthenia, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Weak Heart, Want of Nerve and Confidence, Harassing Dreams, Loss of Memory, Backache, Dyspepsia, General Weakness,** and most disorders due to a deficiency of the Vital Forces.

ZEDEX re-invigorates the Brain and Nervous System, re-vitalises every function of the body and gives a sensation of physical fitness and mental alertness, whilst its restorative effects are permanent.

DR. KIRBY says:—"Impossible to conceive anything more perfectly adapted for the Cure of Loss of Nerve Power than Zedex."

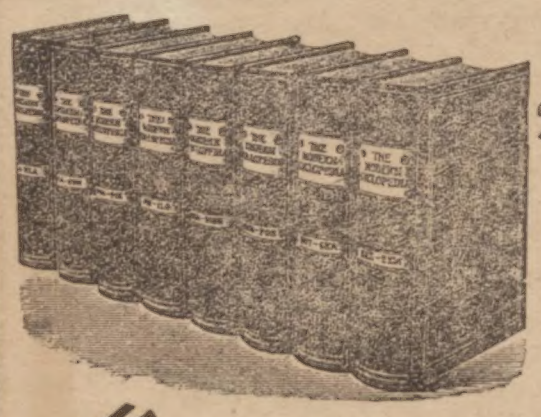
SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE SAMPLE

DR. GORDON STABLES, M.D.—"A nerve tonic-food of the highest nutritive and digestive value. A perfect food for building up the Nervous System."

A Chief-Constable of Police writes:—"Zedex is the finest tonic I have ever tried."

ZEDEX arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular or nerve life, feeds weak muscles with rich strength-producing blood, whilst it increases the nourishing power of your food. Advice free.

ZEDEX Co. HOVE SUSSEX.



The First Encyclopedia

Several hundred years ago the first encyclopædia was produced. Its compiler was a Dominican friar, Vincent de Beauvais, who condensed all the knowledge of his day into three manuscript volumes.

THE MODERN CYCLOPEDIA

Edited by C. ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D.

THE MODERN CYCLOPEDIA stands first in 1911 among encyclopædias for up-to-date information, reliability, conciseness, handiness, and *cheapness*. It is the cheapest and most modern of all books of the kind. THE MODERN CYCLOPEDIA is an ideal work for all who have not the space to accommodate a large library, for it is a library in itself. That the books are up-to-date is proven by the fact that they contain articles on such recently prominent subjects as aeroplanes, Esperanto, and turbines. The style in which the work has been produced is such as to astonish the most experienced critics and book-buyers, and many hundreds of letters have reached us from delighted customers. A matter of 35,000 articles are included in the eight volumes, which each measure 8½ by 6½ by 2, 1,600 text illustrations, 130 plates (a large proportion magnificently coloured), and 36 large folding coloured maps.

4/- The net price is 48s. only, THE LOWEST TOTAL PRICE ON RECORD for a reliable reference work. Send 4s. with order, when complete work will be dispatched, the balance being paid by 11 monthly payments of 4s. Descriptive Booklet, and Testimonials, will be sent free, if desired.

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 134, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

FREE TRIAL of SANDOW'S
Spring-Grip
DUMB-BELLS
FOR EVERY READER OF "THE MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2/6 as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2/6 each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This Chart contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

Why exercise with the Bells has a remedial as well as a strengthening effect is easily explained. If the muscles are not in a strong, healthy condition the various functions of the body cannot be performed in a proper manner, and such common complaints as Indigestion and Constipation are caused by the stomach muscles being in a weak and unhealthy condition. When these muscles are strengthened by proper exercise, stomach troubles are relieved.

Liver complaints are impossible when the organ has been invigorated by the Dumb-Bell exercises, and is able to carry out its duties in a proper manner.

The great benefit which the nervous system receives from the strengthening of the muscles relieves such nervous troubles as Insomnia, Debility, and Nervous Headaches.

Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

We answer, "Yes, it is possible: in fact, it has been done in innumerable cases, and we are prepared to prove our assertion. The Bells have brought health and strength to thousands, and they can do the same for you.

The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bell can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co., Room 39, Sandow Hall, Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19..

Gentlemen,—Please send me by return, post free, one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial* should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

*Please cross out sizes not required.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 119. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 11TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

KNOTS.

HOW TO LEARN TO TIE THEM.

One of the most useful items of general knowledge that a man picks up in his journey through life is the knowledge of how to tie effective knots.

The average man does not get far beyond the "granny" and the bow with which he ties his bootlace, but to be able to tie easily the reef knot and some of the "hitches" may come in extremely useful at times.

But to gain a practical knowledge of knotting it is useless, unless you are possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and patience, to try to get it from books or diagrams.

The only way to success is to get an expert to give you a practical demonstration with a rope or a piece of string. Get hold of a sailor or a Royal Engineer or some member of the Territorial Army who learns to make good knots as part of his work, and you will learn more in ten minutes than you would have done in an hour from a book.

PUBLIC WHIST DRIVES.

WHY THE PRIZES ARE LARGE.

Devotees of the good old game whose devotion to cards does not quite dispel their dislike to being "done down," might well turn their consideration to the business side of public whist drives run by private combines, where large and valuable prizes are offered to the lucky ones.

There is nothing to be said against drives run by municipal and similar bodies, where the prizes are in keeping with the price of admission, nor against private concerns which conscientiously reap a small profit, but where ten or a dozen good prizes are offered, some of which goods to the value of £10 or more, one's eyes are naturally opened to the possibilities and chances which confront the unscrupulous caterer to public taste.

Fraud in this matter is easy, and there is certain reason to believe that the promoters of certain whist drives take advantage of their opportunities.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to let half-a-dozen confederates—good card players, mark you—go through the run, and the manipulation of their scoring tickets is but the work of a few minutes.

Of course, by scrutinising the cards of their partners throughout the evening players might easily detect this fraud, but who is going to run the gauntlet of criticism on the matter of prize by challenging the (alleged) points of the prize-winners?

CHEEK.

"Naval scare exploded," says the "Daily Chronicle." A search is being made for the remains of the scaremongers, but so far not even their fountain pens have been found.

* * *

The Soke of Peterborough, as a heading in a contemporary runs, refers to a territorial district and not to a Saturday night "jag."

* * *

"We have a preference for old, unscientific methods," says an essayist. Quite so! For instance, that antiquated wireless telegraphy, and the cobweb-loaded X-ray business. It's a scandal.

* * *

Mr. Francis Darwin says that the education of one's childhood and youth only becomes clear to one in middle age. In short, we may add, when the first sharp sting has died away and we can sit at ease.

* * *

Plain Home Truths: "French wine riots," says a headline. It does indeed, especially in unseasoned heads.

* * *

The Irish have begun to turn over a new leaf. Latest telegrams report "Irish shooting incident." This is much more gentlemanly than "doing in" each other, or the constabulary.

* * *

Life's Little Unnecessaries.—"Convict's Career of Fraud," says a contemporary. There would be something in it if the poor chap had worn the white flower of a blameless life all the time.

* * *

Clerical Character Studies. No. 1.—A curate—accurate—in fact, finnicking to a degree.

* * *

It is not true that Mr. Lloyd George keeps up his courage and ferocity with underdone beef. A Welsh rarebit is the limit of his indulgence.

* * *

We understand that there is no truth in the rumour that, when the suggested five hundred new peers are created, Sir Thomas Lipton will take the title of Lord Preserve us and Mr. Carter Paterson that of Lord Deliver us.

* * *

A renowned naturalist says there are seven kinds of owls in England. Rubbish! He didn't read the newspapers after the Sidney Street picnic. The 'owls were innumerable.

* * *

Some hooted and some screeched. Winston didn't mind, bless him! He's accustomed to vultures.

TOUCHANGO

A PICTURE PALACE FRAUD.

SAME SEAT AT DIFFERENT PRICES.

Considering the popularity which has so quickly been earned by cinematograph halls of all classes, it is hardly to be wondered at that occasionally one comes across frauds connected with the business.

It is the practice of certain managers to charge two amounts (say, sixpence and a shilling) for the same class of seat. The visitor, after paying his shilling for the privilege of seating himself in the more *élite* circles, finds himself in the midst of the "sixpennies," and is not likely to pay frequent visits to the particular place of amusement at which he has been cheated. At any rate, he will not pay a shilling a second time.

If challenged the management will state that the rear ten or twelve rows are priced at a shilling, and that the sixpenny patrons are occupying seats they have no right to, but it is hard to understand how the particular managements referred to do not strictly reserve the best seats for the shilling patrons.

CYCLE CLEANING.

THE BEST AND EASIEST WAY.

There are two things to be remembered when you clean a bicycle; the first is to avoid making an unnecessary mess, and the second is to avoid damaging the machine.

You can prevent the mess by doing the cleaning in the garden, or, if you are obliged to do it in the house, by spreading some newspapers on the floor.

Lock the front wheel of the machine, and turn it upside down, for that makes it easier for you to revolve the wheels.

If the mud is thick and hard it is best to clean it off by rubbing with a damp cloth, for this softens the mud and prevents any damage to the enamel.

When you have got the dirt off, rub the enamelled parts with a cloth on which there is a little oil, and finish off by a thorough rubbing with a perfectly dry cloth.

With regard to the plated parts, use a good metal polish, or a paste made of whitening; if you use metal polish, be careful to rub every particle of it off, as it may otherwise damage the plating.

To clean the bearings, squirt plenty of paraffin into them. Do this outside, and slope the bicycle against a wall, so that the paraffin may trickle down without touching the tyres, for paraffin, like any other oil, damages rubber. When the paraffin has all come out, give the bearings a good dose of ordinary lubricating oil.

WHY DOES BOTTOMLEY ATTACK ADVERTISERS?

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, ESQ., M.P.

Sir,—I must apologise to you at the very outset for having omitted the courteous prefix "Mr." from the heading of this letter. I do not think, however, that you will be offended at the omission when I explain the reason for it. One does not speak of Shakespeare as Mr. Shakespeare, and it is seldom that the prefix is used when referring to more recent celebrities such as Gladstone and Disraeli.

When a man becomes great he is known to fame by his surname only, and you, in your own line, have unquestionably attained greatness.

I do not think that I am exaggerating when I say that you are probably the greatest man of your own particular type that the world has ever seen. Perhaps I should qualify that statement by saying that the type is not one that the world is very enthusiastic about, and perhaps it does not want to see any more examples of it.

But the world, Mr. Bottomley, is a strange thing, and I know that you regard its opinion lightly.

You will remember that I had the honour of writing a letter to you in the issue of THE MODERN MAN which was dated January 14.

WHY I WROTE AN OPEN LETTER.

I am a seeker of knowledge. You interest me so much that I should like to understand you better. From what I had heard from various people who had invested money in your companies, it was impossible to get a reply from you to any communication sent to you in the ordinary way by post, even although one registered one's letter. Therefore I thought I might secure your ear for a moment by addressing you in the form of an open letter.

The title which headed my letter formed the poster for THE MODERN MAN for that week, and this poster was to be seen in every London thoroughfare and in most provincial cities and towns. I, therefore, feel certain that my letter must have come to your notice; but, at the moment of writing, you have not honoured me with any reply, either by post or by pillory in your paper. The conclusion to which I am driven is that you have forgotten all about it. Some of the shareholders in "John Bull, Limited," say that you forget to forward dividends which are due to them, but little weaknesses like these are to be expected in the characters of the very great.

THE BOTTOMLEY BOOK.

Although you have not answered me, many replies have reached me as the result of that open letter, and the things their writers say about you would scarcely be believed by anyone who did not know something of your history.

It would be impossible for me to say how much your character fascinates me. You once published a sort of autobiography under some such title as "Bottomley's Book." I read that, but without any interest. The things which you saw fit to relate in its pages were of no moment. They concerned yourself to some extent, but the personality revealed in the book was merely the Bottomley, M.P., addressing an applauding audience of the Hackney riff-raff at a political meeting.

When you compiled that book you know, as well as any intelligent reader does, that you had your tongue in your cheek. You were posing as the interesting hero, and, if I may be perfectly candid, I do not think that you did it very convincingly.

The book taught me nothing that I wanted to learn. What I want to study are those phases of your mental activity which you have never put under the limelight. I am afraid that you will never satisfy me, or any other Bottomley enthusiast, by telling me exactly what I want to know. The facts about your career that would really be interesting will, I fear, never be penned by you, but they are gradually being compiled by other hands, and very interesting facts they are.

I learn from those who have met you that in conversation you are most plausible and convincing, and that you have the added gift of being able to convince not only an individual, but even a hostile crowd.

It is a great gift, or a great accomplishment, but your business gifts are greater still.

MATTERS OF LAW.

I have been studying certain dull books consisting of legal records, and covering the past ten years—all with a view to satisfying my ardent desire to learn more about you—and I have been amazed at the number of actions that have been brought against you; I have been more astonished at the fact that in nearly every case you have got off scot-free.

A legal friend of mine informed me that both bench and bar were waiting for you, and that they would have you sooner or later; but you know how prejudiced lawyers are where great men are concerned.

Great you are in oratory and in a superficial sort of personal magnetism, but in business you excel all your other efforts.

I have been studying very closely your methods of dealing with advertisers in "John Bull." Of course you know, as well as I do, that your paper lives by "exposures," and, as I have already pointed out, your policy has been to "expose" someone or another every week.

Occasionally, of course, the "exposures" have been well merited; in other cases they have been merely nasty—as, for example, your "exposure" of the Abode of Love, which had been dealt with by the daily newspapers weeks before you touched it.

THE RIGHT MAN.

Whether your "exposures" are warranted, or dirty, or merely audacious, they appeal to your public, and for that public you cater, if I may say so, very excellently. I could not suggest a better editor than yourself for "John Bull," although I may feel regret that you have appropriated a good old national name for the title of your journal.

I doubt whether your average reader delves below the surface of these "exposures," but I have done so in my humble desire to learn more of you, and I must confess that once again I have to come to you with a question.

I should like to know why it is that you systematically attack advertisers.

Of course you will remember very well the time when a large Oxford Street business, Waring and Gillow, Limited, was opened, and you will also remember the attacks which you made in the pages of your paper upon that company. On consulting the files of "John Bull," I discover that, after further attacks, Waring's began to take half-pages in your paper for their hotel advertisements.

In my pursuit of knowledge I have learned that it does not always happen that a thing which takes place after some other things, takes place because of it. What made me specially interested in Waring's advertisements appearing in your paper was the fact that I learned that, in spite of your adverse opinion of that company, they subsequently had the honour of carpeting your office floors. I have tried to discover whether they were ever paid for doing so, but at the moment of writing I have not been able to ascertain this.

Then, again, there was Drage and Co., Ltd., the "So Simple" furnishing firm. I recollect how you exposed their methods, and how you placarded all Holborn with posters referring to them. After these exposures I also find, in the course of my investigations that Drage and Co. saw fit to take full-page advertisements in "John Bull."

I am sorry that you will not assist me in my investigation of that part of your history which you have probably forgotten, but I am glad to say that many others have come to my aid and my sources of information are now very extensive and very reliable.

Here, for example, is another little item which perhaps you have forgotten.

In the ordinary course of your business you exposed a certain firm of outside stockbrokers. The attacks grew from innuendoes in your financial "replies" to bolder paragraphs articles. Then your "special commissioner" was, for some unaccountable reason, sent to investigate the business of these people whom you had branded as scoundrels.

His report was so favourable—I wonder whether it had the benefit of being sub-edited by your own able pencil?—that the firm in question ordered fifty thousand copies of the number containing it at a penny apiece, which, as of course you know, is much more than the trade price for quantities like that.

A CIRCULATION CERTIFICATE.

Perhaps now that I have refreshed your memory you will recall how at that time you issued a certificate to advertisers with regard to the circulation of your paper; of course, the opportunity of mentioning a circulation increased by fifty thousand in one week was not to be missed, but I do not think that you told the advertisers how the fifty thousand additional copies had been sold.

Possibly you meant to do so. It would only have been ordinary honesty on your part to have told them about it, and I know that you are very honest, because you have told me so many times in "John Bull."

But I don't think you did tell these advertisers about it. Probably you forgot. It was only a little thing, after all, to a great man like you.

I observe that that particular firm of outside stockbrokers is now advertising extensively in your paper, and I do not think that you are likely to attack them again—unless, of course, they decide to drop advertising in "John Bull," which, under all the circumstances, they probably will not do.

NO FLATTERY INTENDED.

To mention these little things to you, Mr. Bottomley, is almost like gilding the lily.

I can picture your pleasant face smiling at the recollection of these insignificant items of past history; but I should not like you to think that I am writing this to you with the object of flattering you. I am merely doing it to show that your business methods are being explained to the public little by little.

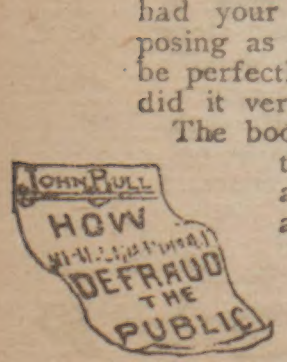
I do not like this sort of piece-meal work, and I suggest to you that you should join with me in writing a nice little book about yourself; but, if I am to have any part in the production of that book, I stipulate that it is not to be either fiction or part of the truth. What the public wants to know is all the truth about yourself, and, if you will not help me to get it, we shall be obliged to work laboriously finding it out for ourselves.

In time, of course, we shall do it, but with your assistance the task would be so much lighter. You like the truth—you have said so. The truth is all I am desirous of bringing out.

Next week I propose to bring to your recollection your dealings with the scoundrel named Harry Benson, who established and Feltham's Bank.

At the present time Benson is expiating his offences by serving a term of penal servitude. You are still "exposing" swindlers in "John Bull."

H. GRAY-KEY.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE WANDERER IN THE WASTE

By C. J. NEWTON.

It had been necessary for me to walk very quickly to keep myself warm, for although the sun was shining there was a keenness in the air that searched even flannel-lined waistcoats.

But it was a day that gave to one's cheeks a healthy glow and libelled the nose to the extent of a redness that quite unjustly betokened a fondness for the strong waters of the land.

A cold, greenish, choppy sea was running down-beach in front of the cutting wind. I looked over the serried, wooden groins that at lessening intervals in perspective seemed to run for miles, and there was not a soul in sight!

Somewhere there was the eerie screech of a sea-bird high up by the tall chalk cliffs behind me, and, answering from beyond the peevish, white-maned wild horses of the sea came a dismal wail of a wader a-wing, wheeling about against the windy sky.

Desolation. . . . Waste!

I wrapped my muffler tighter around me as a scurrying bank of grey cloud finally shut out the sun. Then a gust of ice made a tornado in the bowl of my pipe and the hot ash whirled out, glowing red and black.

I looked around. I saw that there was one spot sheltered from the wind up-beach and made my way to the biggest tarred stake that supported the groin.

Then I managed to light my pipe.

Having accomplished this somewhat difficult act in that uncertain breeze, I looked up slowly from my hands. As I did so my eyes rested on a fairly recent specimen of the amateur jack-knife-artist's work. It was a heart through which a dart was pierced. The inscription within the bounds of the heart read, in three separate lines:

"TOM LOVES AMY."

I forgave the place for its unkind breezes; I puffed on complacently and took heart. This nook, then, had sheltered lovers — love and life in this wild waste!

Toms that love Amys and cut it out in Cupid-darted hearts are so easy to imagine, and, to me, the penknife artist is an estimable person so long as he refrains from cutting his initials on ancient monuments. I like him when he restricts himself to oaken stakes and kissing-gates. He gives a traveller food for reflection.

I could figure both Amy and Tom pretty clearly. Mrs. Grundy might object to the two as I saw them in my mind's eye. . . . For they sat by the big post in the broad light of a summer's sun, and Tom's arm only too and his palpably was around Amy's waist shoulder. Saxon-haired head was on her were talking the most utter sense from Cupid's point of view and the most abject nonsense of one listened to it in a coldly critical manner.

But I did not presume to listen. I merely looked at them with quite as approving an eye as Master Cupid, who was, no doubt, perched on the top of the very stake.

Tom, however, is no great hand at verbal love-making, for followers of the sea are tongue-tied when there is a lass in the wind. He is evidently fiddling about for some simple and concise manner in which to put all he feels into a few words without being afflicted with the blush that betrays the true lover's ever-present self-consciousness.

I can see his bronzed, good-natured face light up as he suddenly hits upon a plan. He produces his jack-knife. Amy gives vent to a half-suppressed squeal of excitement and watches him while, very laboriously, he embarks upon the task of cutting out the heart. But Tom is artful. He does not quite connect the lines. It might be anything as it stands. In the centre he carves, one letter under the other, a "T" an "L" and an "A."

Amy, of course, pretends to be dense. Yet, she shaped the second initial after she had seen the first one cut, and she said it softly to herself! I saw her lips move. She may deceive Tom, but she cannot deceive *me* ——

I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of heavy feet crunching over the shingle beyond the groin that I had crossed last. I looked up. I saw the Wanderer.

He was standing on a prominent knoll of shingle like a King of the Castle of the summer time. For an instant he looked up at the beetling crags of the cloud banks. Then he drifted off, his head bowed, and his sou'-wester at a grotesque angle. The wind seemed to catch him and blow him my way. He stood on the top of the groin and was blown off by the wind. I saw his face more clearly as he picked himself up. It was that weather-beaten bearded countenance that is the chief stock-in-trade of the beachman.

He did not even say good morning to me. He went straight to the point.

"I *could* do with a fill of baccy," he said, leaning himself Shakespeare-wise against the big tarred post and looking down at me.

His head supported on his hand, he seemed to slumber while waiting for my answer.

I took out my pouch. I was so overjoyed at the prospect of society of some sort that I believe I would have cheerfully given a twist of tobacco to the Old Man of the Sea.

I tapped him on the knee. He took no notice. I tugged at the leg of his trousers.

"Don't do that, guv'nor," he said. "These 'ere trousers ain't over strong. I got 'em off a corpse what was washed up just off the Point there. They was a bit waterlogged, but otherwise very nice. Still, it don't do to pull 'em. Thanks for the bacca."

His voice faded into a husky nothingness.

"You seem to have got a nice quiet job," I observed.

"Yes. S'pose I 'ave. But I'm busy this mornin'. Very busy. On a search——"

"Treasure?" I suggested.

"No—an old friend."

"You don't expect to find him about here, do you?"

"Dunno. Might."

"This one of his favourite haunts?"

"Yes. Just where you're sitting was a *very* favourite spot of his. Used to sit there an' spin yarns to the visitors in the summer. Ha! Ha!" The Wanderer croaked dismally. It occurred to me that he meant it for a laugh.

"Well, I can assure you, he isn't here now."

"No. Never mind about him. D'you mind gettin' up a minute? I'm lookin' for somethin' else—killing two birds with one stone, see?"

I did not see. But I arose all the same. I began to wonder what was the precise location of his asylum.

He poked among the stones with a fragment of drift-wood.

"No. Not any here," he said. "Take your seat again. Daresay it's as cosy there as anywhere."

He turned to inspecting the fragment of wood. It was evidently a piece of an ill-fated boat, and, moreover, bore the upper half of some lettering—evidently the name.

"No. There ain't any doubt about it," he said, at length. "Look, if you can think o' the bottom 'arf o' this name in your mind's eye, what is it?"

"'Girl Amy,'" I replied promptly.

"That's it. Got copped in that storm last night, you know. Got copped in the storm. Poor old Larn! Poor old Larn! One o' the nicest fellers ever sailed a shrimp-boat."

"What was his other name?" I asked quickly, sick at heart, fearing the answer.

"Alf. Alf Larn. Named the boat arter 'is pretty daughter, you know. Amy. Nice girl, Amy. . . . Fare-ye-well."

I was so relieved that he had not answered "Tom," that I watched him go without comment.

It was the second possibility that finally made me spring up and, balancing myself on top of the sheltering boards, cry out to the Wanderer.

"Hi! Hi!" My voice was borne down wind over the desolate beach.

Up in the chalk cliffs a great white bird screeched and flapped its wings—a bird of ill-omen.

The Wanderer came to a standstill and waited.

"Is there anything you want?" he asked slowly and he looked at me with suspicion.

It occurred to me then that the fates of either Tom or Amy were nothing whatever to do with me; that he would think me mad if I put the question prompted by the second possibility that entered my brain.

"I only thought," I said weakly, "that as you are going my way we might stroll together."

I saw he had an old tin hugged to him, now.

"Well, p'r'aps you can 'elp me to fill this 'ere," he said. "Look as you walk for white stones—big 'uns."

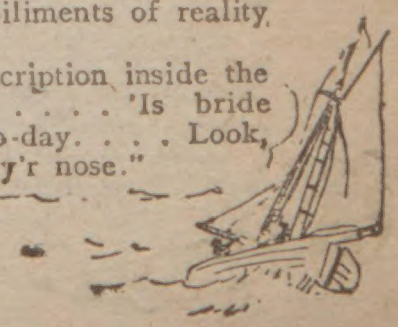
"For making a garden path?" I asked.

"For markin' a grave," he said in hollow tones. "They look pretty made into a mound and cemented up, you know. You put a shield into the middle with the 'In Memoriam' cut in. Comes cheap. Follerers o' the sea hold their lives cheap. Cheap burials is good enou' for their corpses. I shall 'ave plenty to do for a couple o' days. Got to get stones enough for a couple of 'em, you know.

"But we ain't found poor old Alf Larn yet. Might be difficult to identify 'im you know if 'e don't wash up soon. 'E ain't got no tatto marks, 'e ain't. My pal, 'is son-in-law, 'ad—but we found 'im this mornin' on the Point."

"Were *his* marks a heart with a dart through it?" I asked quickly, for the possibility was taking on the habiliments of reality only too swiftly.

"Yes—and there was a 'scription inside the 'eart. 'Tom loves Amy.' . . . . 'Is bride a week ago, 'is widow to-day. . . . Look, there's a white stone under y'r nose."



HOW CINEMATOGRAPH FILMS ARE MADE

BY THE MANAGER OF A LONDON PICTURE PALACE.

The work of the men and women who pose for cinematograph films is similar in many respects to that of the ordinary actor and actress.

They have their written parts; the only difference being that more emphasis is laid on gesticulation; but this must not be overdone, else the finished films look ridiculous.

In some of the films produced by the minor makers this over-gesticulation is noticeable and often makes a would-be pathetic film funnier than the admittedly comic. The better firms, however, instruct their performers to tone down action.

A picture drama is little more than a representation of a play as produced in an ordinary theatre. As a matter of fact, where street scenes and gingerbread stalls are not required for comic effect, the entire play is performed in a large theatre, the scenes being shifted in the ordinary way, and the camera-man taking the place of the audience.

CONFUSING FOR THE ACTOR.

Electric light effects are, of course, employed, daylight photography being impossible under such conditions.

In a picture play it often happens that the early and the last scenes take place in a certain room or house, while the intermediate acts are taken by the seashore, in a street or in the country.

In these circumstances, the actors perform the early and the final scenes first, afterwards journeying to the scene of the middle acts. Such a practice might prove confusing to the average stage performer, but the man who poses for the cinematograph operator has to undergo many strange ordeals from which the ordinary actor is exempt.

FIFTY FEET A MINUTE.

Strange as it may seem to amateur photographers, it is seldom that a film has to be re-taken. The photographers are all skilled men, and it is seldom that needless expense is incurred in this fashion. When once the negative has been obtained, the positives necessary for display are easily manufactured.

Anyone who has had the opportunity of handling films will be surprised at their comparative smallness. It is almost incredible that such a small film can throw so large and clear a representation on the screen. In length films vary from three hundred to four thousand feet. As a general rule, one hundred feet of film are shown in two minutes.

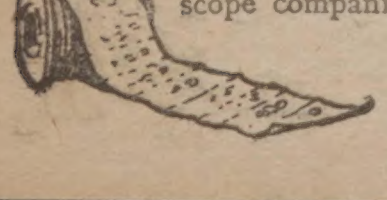
People who visit picture palaces and who like to identify the scenery depicted, often wonder why it is that English open-air scenes are so much poorer than those taken on the Continent or in America.

OUR ROTTEN CLIMATE.

There we have another argument against our climate. In France, the bioscope expert has nine months in the year in which he can safely take films; in England he cannot depend upon three.

Upwards of two hundred pounds was lost recently by a bioscope company who, making a contract with a leading London actor-manager, paid the fares of the performers in a large company, and the carriage of the scenery, to a convenient spot, only to have the project utterly ruined by inclement weather.

With regard to humorous films, the most popular are the realistic scenes where crowds chase some runaway musician or somnambulist, upsetting carts, stalls, shop displays and scaffold poles. Although many bioscope companies own extensive grounds for the making of this kind of film, the bribing of common or garden tradesmen, navvies, and hawkers is by no means an uncommon occurrence. Often a china merchant is paid to fill his window with inferior breakables in order that it may be wrecked without undue expense.



FAKING MIRACLES.

In the case of the "fake" film, the great dodge is to stop the working of the camera while a dummy is substituted for the living actor. Thus men appear to climb the walls of houses, to be run over by motor-cars, and to perform all manner of impossible actions.

Sometimes the knight of the camera will go out on his own in search of "copy." Thus crowds of people often appear in films without having the slightest idea that they are being photographed.

A certain French film depicts a gay young spark who follows a young lady to the door of her bathing-machine, and waits to see her take her swim. It is related that this film was presented in Paris in the presence of the "gay young spark" and his wife, with disastrous consequences.

In these days you never know when you are being cinematographed. Certainly many of us appear nightly at the picture palaces amongst the hordes of people who crowd the promenades of seaside resorts, ordinary thoroughfares of London, and football grand-stands.

A MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAMME.

As a manager of a cinematograph theatre I am often asked what films are most popular with the public. My answer is always to the effect that the public wants variety.

It is surprising, however, the interest which a large section of the public will take respecting the programmes offered by picture palaces. The man who throws down an occasional sixpence or shilling to see "some pictures" little dreams of the judgment exercised by the more regular patrons of film-land.

The common idea that anything in the moving picture line will suit the public is entirely erroneous. The picture-public is quite as exacting as the patrons of theatres or music-halls.

While picture palaces have been condemned as providing opportunities for vice, they must be given their due in that they open-up Shakespeare and other dramatists to those who cannot afford to visit the palatial theatre of Sir Herbert Tree. Well acted, Shakespeare goes down as well as anybody, and "King Lear" is amongst my most popular and "drawing" films.

J. B.

THE USE OF FERRETS.

A TRUE FRIEND TO THE SPORTSMAN

The ferret has not, perhaps, a very pleasing reputation but, as a matter of fact, if properly housed and fed, he is a very charming little animal. His apartments should be kept scrupulously clean; in addition to bread and milk he should be given freshly-killed food, and he should be frequently handled by his owner and so perfectly tamed.

A bite from a ferret is a nasty experience and the powerful little jaws have a way of hanging on; the surest way to release one of these is to pinch—and if necessary bite—one of the ferret's front paws. Properly trained ferrets do not bite their owners, and few will bite a stranger if fearlessly grasped by the neck.

There are certain rules to be observed in ferreting as in all else, if success is to be enjoyed. The rabbits' burrows should always be approached on tip-toe and the ferrets dropped silently in; the guns and their attendants should stand absolutely quietly a little way from the holes; there should be no talking and the wind should be blowing from the burrow to the guns.

Rabbits which pop out at one hole and go at another should not be fired at; it pays to shoot only at those which run clean away. If they are shot at before they have really left the burrow a ferret may be killed, and most probably the rabbits will be wounded and will creep into one of the holes and never be seen again. The ferrets will, of course, lie up, and there will be a cessation of sport for a while.

On windy days, when sounds above ground cannot be easily heard, rabbits bolt badly, but, even with everything in our favour, we cannot be sure that the ferrets will not lie up or at any rate stay below ground.

It is always, therefore, advisable to have plenty of ferrets out, so that someone can be left to wait for the laggards and a fresh start may be made with a new supply of ferrets.

When ferrets "lie up," they can almost always be recovered quickly by opening a freshly-killed rabbit and blowing the scent down the holes of the burrow.

Many people say that the morning is the right time for ferreting, and that the afternoon is best of all. Warreners, I know, hold this view, but I have had some very excellent sport with ferrets in the afternoon, and certainly a windy afternoon is better than a still morning. Wet weather should be avoided at all costs, the rabbit does not like leaving his home in the rain any more than we do.

However indifferent the sport may have been on the day on which we were ferreting a good deal of shooting can always be secured on the succeeding day by visiting the scene of operations and its neighbourhood with spaniels or terriers.

The same rules hold good for ratting as for rabbiting. The operation should be conducted as much as possible in silence, and several ferrets should be used where the colony of rats is a large one. Rats often unite to withstand the foe, and a single ferret may have a very uncomfortable time.

Small ferrets are usually best for rabbits because they are not so likely to catch the quarry, and for rats because large ferrets cannot always get down the holes. It matters little if they are dark ones or white, I have had excellent ferrets of either colour. When at work my ferrets muzzled or with a line, but I always have them lightly fed on the morning of a work-day. In any case they get no food, and it is only fair to carry a little meat and water to refresh them with.

The ferret is very deserving of considerate treatment, for he gives us many an hour of undiluted pleasure, and like everything else he responds to kind usage.

ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.

CROSS-COUNTRY WORK ON YOUR OWN

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF INDEPENDENCE.

Of all methods for the working off of high animal spirits running in one form or another is undoubtedly the most popular.

The man who is delighted to be free from his day's work runs a few yards along the railway platform on alighting from his train. The lady, in all the glory of evening dress, runs from her carriage across the pavement to the door of the theatre, not because she is in any hurry, but because she is in high spirits.

The healthy man feels a strong inclination for rapid, light exercise. Weight-lifting would be too severe a strain, as he is not accustomed to it; sprinting requires practice and physical fitness; but a cross-country run meets the case in every way, giving you as much opportunity as you desire for stretching your muscles and for enjoying speed.

Where a man is a member of a good cross-country club, in which there are many enthusiasts, he is sure to find someone ready and willing to run with him if he turns up at the club-house any evening; but there are not half so many cross-country clubs as there ought to be, and a large number of men who would willingly indulge in this sport deny themselves this pleasure because they lack a companion, and because they think that they would look ridiculous if they started for a cross-country run on their own.

PREJUDICES OF THE PAST.

This feeling is due to nothing but self-consciousness. The lightly-clad runner, as he jogs past a billing and cooing couple, may hear a titter of merriment from the girl, but her young man makes no comment—rather does he wonder whether the runner is not having a better time than he is. And that may be taken as the view of the average passer-by. Some years ago a man in shorts and sweater, leaving the gate of a respectable suburban villa, would have been set down by all observers as a lunatic of a dangerous kind.

Such prejudices, however, are things of the past. Athletics in all forms have become matters for national interest and national symbol, and the athlete of to-day, far from being despised and laughed at, is admired by all, whether the admiration be open or secret.

NO COMPANION NEEDED.

Therefore, let the man who is keen on a cross-country spin on a Saturday afternoon or in the week-day evenings, have no hesitation in indulging himself, even although it is impossible for him to find a companion. In fact, he may even console himself by remembering that in some ways it is better to run alone than in company. Having other runners with you would certainly pull you out and increase your speed, but it is not everyone who wants to excel in running, rather in the matter of speed or of distance, and the enthusiast of whom I am speaking thinks chiefly of the exercise. Though he lacks the pleasure of having a companion, he is at least safe from being induced by that companion to run too fast or to run too far, and so overtax his strength.

The very fact that you are in running togs saves you from being interfered with by the majority of farmers over whose fields you may pass. If you were running in ordinary clothes, they would, if they saw you, wonder whether you were a thief, but your running togs proclaim at once the reason for your haste.

There are, of course, some farmers who object most strongly to their ground being traversed by even a single runner, and far more to its being traversed by a club, but these are seldom troublesome to the man who is running on his own, for he is past and away before the farmer has even time to loose the dog.

While the majority of farmers are favourable to this as to other sports, it is only right that all courtesy should be extended to them on your part. Avoid breaking down fences or hedges, and be most careful to close any gate that you may open, for otherwise cattle may stray from one pasture to another.

YOUR OWN MASTER.

One great advantage in going in for cross-country work on your own is that you have to consult no one as to a convenient time, and also you have no appointment to make or to keep. You can start when the spirit moves you, and you need not start at all if you do not feel inclined to do so.

I expect I am right in saying that to most men the home-coming is the best part of a run. You get home out of breath, and with a strong disinclination for tobacco, and you have a sponge down or a bath, and get into a different suit from the one you wore during the day.

The effect of your run will be very marked on your pleasure through the rest of the evening. Your eyes will be bright, and you will feel cheerful and happy.

H. R. NEWMAN.

AMERICAN HORSEMEN.

Why is that the American is, as a general rule, so much superior to the Briton in the art of horsemanship?

We can produce a crack rider here and there who is more than equal to the best of the Yankees, but the general average of excellence amongst our riding men is much inferior to their average.

The reason is that the American does not We know! a horse's strength and the danger have so much respect for horses as we have. of receiving a kick; the American appears to disregard all such things. To him a horse is much the same as a bicycle. He is not afraid of it, and if an accident takes place he simply blames himself for not having been more skilful.

His confidence is due rather to recklessness or ignorance than to any element of superior courage, but it serves its purpose, for in dealing with a horse you will never be happy unless you acquire the faculty of taking things as they come. The man who relies upon his horse, instead of upon his own skill, is usually disappointed.

THE LONDON POLICE.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SERVICE AS A CAREER.

During the past month or two the police of London have been much under the public eye.

The Houndsditch and Stepney affairs have shown not only the risks to which the men are liable to be subjected, but the splendid courage they possess and the opportunities for real heroism that are thrust in their way.

The drafting of a large number of them to the strike district in South Wales, in some cases for several weeks, has also shown that their area of duty is by no means confined to London itself.

The physical qualifications for service in the Metropolitan Police are high, and those of the City Police still higher.

Every candidate for the Metropolitan Police, whose area covers the whole of Greater London, must be over 21 and under 27 years of age. He must stand 5ft. 9in. high (without boots or stockings), and must pass a medical examination to show that he has a strong constitution and has no bodily complaint.

With regard to mental attainments, all that is required is that he must be able to read well, to write legibly, and have a fair knowledge of spelling. He must show himself generally intelligent in the opinion of the officers before whom he presents himself.

Moreover, the applicant is rarely accepted if he has more than two children dependent upon him for support.

The would-be constable must get an application form from the Commissioner of Police at New Scotland Yard, and this he fills up in the presence of the chief officer in his district.

The form is then returned to the Commissioner's officer, and if found satisfactory the applicant receives notice to attend for medical examination at New Scotland Yard.

If passed he undergoes three weeks' training in drill and ambulance duty, and is then sworn as a police-constable, when he is posted to one of the 22 divisions of the force, and after a little further instruction takes up his ordinary duties.

In the City Police the preliminaries and conditions of service are much the same, but the minimum height is 5ft. 10in. and the minimum chest measurement (deflated) 36ins. The necessary age for admission, however, is reduced to twenty.

The pay in the lower ranks of the City Police is also slightly higher than in the larger force. A constable's pay starts at 27s. a week, and rises in six years to 40s. a week, whilst detective-constables receive from 37s. to 45s. For sergeants in either branch the maximum pay is £2 12s. a week.

In the Metropolitan Force a constable gets 25s. 6d., rising by 1s. a year to 33s. 6d. Sergeants get from 36s. to 42s., and detective-sergeants from 40s. 6d. to 60s. 8d.

The policeman is such a familiar figure to the Londoner that we take him very much for granted and do not trouble to inquire much into the real conditions of his work.

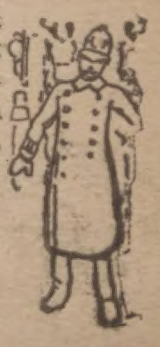
He is on duty for eight hours every day. Night duty is always done in one unbroken spell, and day duty either in a single stretch or in two spells of four hours each. It may consist of patrolling a prescribed beat or of the less interesting but perhaps more dignified work of directing traffic—and wandering pedestrians—on "point duty."

Promotion may come to a smart man after a very few years in the ranks, and if he can negotiate successfully an examination in police duties he will attain the rank of sergeant.

An inspectorship may follow, and finally, for the lucky few, the post of superintendent with a salary of from £320 to £420 a year.

For all ranks there is a liberal pension on retirement after twenty-five years' service, or, if invalided, after fifteen.

M. C. WALSH.



A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

A SKETCH.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

"Two penny stamps, please," said the middle-aged lady for the third time.

The girl behind the counter looked up from the penny novelette that she was reading. She always read that particular brand of novelette, because it just fitted into the Post Office Guide. The heroine had become a little uninteresting for the moment—so she looked up.

"What did you say?" she asked.

The middle-aged lady repeated her request quietly.

The girl ripped off a couple of stamps, pushed them over, flung the two coppers into the till, banged it to, and returned to the heroine.

In the heroine she imagined one after her own style, golden hair, with a ribbon tied round it—generally "nice" in appearance, yet with a suggestion of something smouldering somewhere.

The middle-aged lady was in difficulties. She had been waiting some time to enclose a stamp in the letter she had written. She had moistened the gum of the envelope beforehand, and now it had dried up, making a re-sticking awkward.

"Might I," she began nervously, "might I trouble you for a piece of stamp-paper, please?"

With a look which plainly said "Oh, bother old women who want stamp-paper!" the servant of the State flung a long strip over without further parley.

"Anything else?" she asked testily.

"No, thank you. Good-night—and thank you."

At that moment the postmaster entered to take account of the cash and the numbers of the postal orders issued.

Very wearily, the fair one put her novelette into the desk. It was not that she feared the postmaster in any way, but she *had* to go through the formality of assisting him to check the various orders she had issued. The postmaster? Oh, no! She did not care the proverbial twopence for him. Was she not a pretty girl, and had not she got him on toast if he presumed to upset her in any way? . . . There *are* slack afternoons in provincial post-offices when the postmaster forgets that he is a stern official in the pay of the Government. . . . So, what matter?

She had finished the formality that the Government demanded, when trade, towards the London post-time, began to get brisk.

She listlessly pushed stamps over to the State's customers, or scribbled her initials on postal orders. She was so busy, in fact, that she did not have time to argue with a clerk who had forgotten the initial of a person to whom he wished to send a money order. At other times she would have been delighted to have bound him up in a tangle of red tape. It was a pity, but she had to let it go as "Mr."—which is quite legal, and galling to the soul of the true post-office girl when any amount of delightful trouble can be caused by insisting on the initial.

For half an hour she was busy and was not once guilty of saying "thank you."

It was at the finish of the rush that a latter-day Adonis appeared.

The girl smiled at him above the faces of the errand-boy and two domestic servants.

"Hullo!" she said.

"Hullo! I say, Kit—half a dozen penny stamps."

"Best quality?"

"Rather! Like yourself. Thanks, Kit. Now, my dear, you can get me three postal orders, while I stick on these old stamps. (Boy, hold out your tongue!) Two for five bob and one for seven an' a kick."

The aside of the two servants while this was going on consisted of a conversation anent the best way of scratching the eyes out of yellow-haired frights.

They got their stamps at last, and departed, leaving Adonis and the post-office girl splendidly alone.

Adonis had enclosed his postal orders when a young man of decidedly plain features, combined with the handicap of thick-glassed spectacles and a nervous manner, entered. He had a very big frontal development and had taken honours in mathematics, but he quavered before the glance of the post-office girl.

"Six penny stamps, if you please," said he.

The fair one continued her amorous conversation with Adonis.

The mathematical genius repeated his request when five minutes had ticked by amid suppressed giggling.

At length Adonis himself took notice of the student.

"Why, it's an old pal of mine! Kit, serve him with six A1 quality penny stamps quick."

The master of surds and quadratics took them tremblingly and fled to a telegraph desk to affix them.

The two left as the doors closed behind them at eight o'clock.

"I s—say," stammered the young man with the spectacles, "that *was* good of you, sir, to say I was a friend of *yours*."

"Dear old innocent, it was the only chance for you. You'd have waited there till now and Kit would have chucked 'em at you. Nice girl, Kit—to *some* people."

"But why ——"

"Don't try to reason why, my boy. Besides, I'm waiting for Kit and wouldn't say a word against a lady for wo—orlds!"

How many shares are you taking in The Modern Man, Ltd.?

See page 12, cols. 2 and 3, and page 21, bottom half.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

THE RIGHT WAY TO DEAL WITH THI

One morning, coming down to breakf you go through your letters as usual, know pretty well the contents of each one be you open the envelope.

But you happen, at length, upon one handwriting of which is unfamiliar to you. You look at the envelope. The writ gives you no clue. It even has the look being more or less disguised. It is a w back-handed sort of "fist" you think.

You read the letter with a growing fee of apprehension. Being completely taken b your guard" you do not at the outset b your common-sense to bear on the thing.

Having read it, you put it down and won in not a little alarm, what in the world all about. It may be that it is some sor veiled accusation of which you know y self innocent; or it may be a badly-expres threat from some illiterate person who agines he, or she, has a grievance a a claim against you. It may, again, be a foul scandal concerning your friends, sen you in this dastardly way as a "warning

Whatever its contents, you know perf well that they are lies and foulness from ginning to end. But do you act according

No, unhappily you do nothing of the k Probably only one man in twenty, how clear his conscience, has the ready stre to treat all anonymous letters as they des

Your first impulse is to tear the thing and laugh at it, but having done so you p foolishly to wonder "whether there is thing in it," as the phrase goes.

Once admit that there "may be some in it," and you have opened your peace mind to the onslaughts of all the devils anxiety, apprehension, dread, care, and the rest of the harassing army of fiend worries.

No anonymous letter was ever written the idea, the sole object, of doing good. man who is anxious to do good by letter never afraid of signing his name and g his address.

The writer of anonymous letters has twofold object. He is, of course, afraid his crime, and so that it shall not find him he disguises everything and withholds all by which he could be traced. But he knows that the very fact of this mystery going to produce a number of extra unpleasant sensations in the recipient.

It is his revenge, perhaps, for a fan wrong.

It is extraordinary to what an extent mous letters are flying to and fro through post to-day. Every man who has confiden business relations with his clients—solic and other business men—could tell sens tales about the receipt of these letters. are one of the curses of existence for m all classes, from the prominent public to the humblest, peace-loving citizen.

The famous story of the telegram sent practical joker to his friend—a man as ba able as daylight and as clean as mountai—illustrates the unhappy position of the cipient of an anonymous letter.

The amusing yarn was to the effect t telegram was sent in these words: discovered, fly at once."

The sequel was that the unhappy though completely innocent, did once," and was never heard of again. is the power of anonymous suggestion.

The man is happy indeed who, on of such disturbing communications, pu "second thoughts first" as the Irishman and drops the contaminated thing in the and forgets it forthwith.

Unhappily the other Irishman's This cannot be followed in these cases. Return it unopened! M. T. Mar

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S TOAST

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, seated in the chair sacred to his name in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth, turned over the evening paper which the newspaper boy had, with the politeness of his class, just flung in through the door. A recruit, mindful of his place in the universe that was the Blankshire Yeomanry, handed it straight to Trooper Kernahan.

"Phew!" Kernahan said suddenly, whistling softly. "That's a fitting finish!"

"What's the matter?" asked Stephen. "Hall's last girl sued him for breach of promise, Carteret county-courted, or Alexander knighted? Cough it up, ducky."

For answer Trooper Kernahan handed the paper over to him.

Stephen passed an eye over it quickly.

"I don't quite follow you, K.," he said. "But that name rings familiar—Pradell. Is it the name of a golf-club manufacturer, or a licensed victualler's agent? Hang it all, my memory's like a Gruyère cheese."

"He was in the K. O.," said Kernahan quietly. "He was a veteran when you and I were recruits."

"Why, of *course*! What a John-ass I must be! Pradell—good-lookin' chap rather; Roman nose; noble-lookin' in the *tout ensemble*; fine eyes. A wine-merchant's clerk, I think he was."

"Quite right. And his friend Pigeon?"

"Vastly different. Looked, and probably was, as common as ditchwater. Walrus moustache, close-set eyebrows—but a don hand with a horse. Best groom in the K. O., we used to say. You could fairly see your face in his horse's coat. Let's see. He used to share a tent with Pradell and act as his lackey principally, didn't he? 'Member the morning when Pradell made a book on the Derby—Pigeon doing the shouting and he the writing? Gad, this takes me back. Fancy! Pigeon and Pradell!"

He seemed to lose himself in the ecstasy of ancient memories for a space, while all were silent.

"But you seem to forget," said Kernahan softly, breaking in upon his friend's reverie.

"Gad! I don't!"

It was a ritual that held in "B" Squadron, and will hold. An old member is entitled to the Death Toast where'er he dies—be it on a battlefield or in bed. It fell to Kernahan, as senior man present, to give that toast.

There is a certain observance which may be written. . . . Kernahan and the rest carried that out—the sign that means so much. And then said Kernahan clearly—once for Pigeon and once for Pradell:

"*Requiescat in pace!*"

The company repeated the words after him and drank.

Having drunk that toast you are at liberty to speak of the man, or men.

Kernahan pulled pensively at his pipe.

"My impressions of Pradell—he was a cor- as you will remember, Stephen, when we took the oath—are very clear. First impressions usually are. I can remember Pradell well as most of you will remember——"

He paused, searching for a simile.

"You," said a recruit blushing furiously.

"Your first drill," Kernahan corrected him, his eyes filming a little. Yet, in a world that is made up of important small things, perhaps it is good to know that one is remembered in one's Regiment even by a man who was a recruit when eight years in the service of five passed one by.

Pradell was the sort of chap that appealed to a youngster who is aching to be a very good man. In the light of experience, I suppose Pradell was a particular kind of fool, but in those days—oh, we all wanted to be like Pradell, didn't we, Stephen?"

"Never saw a chap lean up against a bar counter more aristocratically in my life," said Stephen, voicing sentiments of the long ago. "And the way he stuck a cigar in his gills at a Regimental dinner was ——"

"Worthy of a member of the National Sporting Club," said Sergeant Hall.

"Willie *is* awake, dear little feller," said Stephen in parenthesis.

"I'd need be, with you spinners of attenuated yarns. You're missing out half his good points. Why, I'd been in the K.O. a year when he joined, and, 'tween you and me, there wasn't a man whose legs when in puttees didn't look like a graduating lot of inverted model drawing-drums at an art school, until Pradell showed us how to put puttees on correctly—how to criss-cross 'em."

He looked admiringly at his own symmetrical legs.

"Vanity, vanity!" Kernahan misquoted. "All is vanity. Yet, I thank the old Fascinator the Fifth for bringing the matter before the assembled company. As you say, at doing up puttees, Pradell took some whacking, and certainly he is still held in great veneration in the Regiment. . . Somewhat above the shooting average, eh, Hall? Heaven save us from our sergeants!"

Kernahan put his head aside swiftly and avoided the Army List which, at the price, is a bulky publication, and useful as shaving paper into the bargain when the year is over.

"Do shut up rottin', you chaps," said a recruit quaveringly. "What about Pradell, Kernahan?"

"Out of the mouths of babes—you see, Hall?" said Kernahan. "Under those circumstances you can let our library remain on its usual shelf. It never improves a book to use it as a brick . . . Pradell—well, my friend and our superior officer, the Sadgent, has put him pretty plainly before you. 'Andsome is what 'andsome does, however."

"On that count," said Stephen, "Pradell was distinctly hideous, wasn't he?"

A more serious look came into Kernahan's eyes.

"Oh, hang it, I don't know," he said charitably. "He was rather put at the fence, wasn't he? He was decent to me—dam' decent. You know how they hand you out your saddlery—all verdigris and congealed oil? It presents a pretty hopeless task to a man who doesn't know one strap from another, or whether the leather rifle bucket is supposed to hold sandwiches or water.

"They give it you like a Chinese puzzle. I expect it's done so as to give you a chance to realise that being a Yeoman is no game. I was young. It made me absolutely burn all over. I cleaned the things up all right, but it seemed like the result of a morganatic marriage of Humpty Dumpty with a saddler's stock-in-trade. I thought I should never manage to put it together again. I sweated at it for hours, and finally I chucked it up and sat down dead beat.

"Next day, walking out, I met Pradell—toffed up to the nines as usual. I told him my trouble and, rendering his half holiday a *dies non*, he came and put everything to rights for me—showed me where all the metal parts went on my uniform, the crest and the shoulder-chains and the brass K.O.R.R.

"He saw I was keen. 'I've got a premonition about you, youngster,' he said. 'You'll make a good man some day.'

"'I'd like to be like *you*,' I said.

"'Get it out of your mind, quick,' said Pradell, oddly.

"'Why?' I asked him.

"'You'll see,' he said. Poor devil, I suppose he saw which way things were going at the time. He earned, I supposed, thirty bob a week. He couldn't have spent less than that in drinks. But if you got wondering at that you were confronted with the fact that he lived at home, and p'raps his people did not claim digs-money off him."

"But all the time," said Hall, a little bitterly, "they were downing him for half the house's exes., and he had a position to keep up, being in a swanky business that necessitated good clothes and money to keep up his popularity. *I* always think that he was more sinned against than sinning."

"Yes. Now about Pigeon," said Kernahan. "Pigeon was his lackey in the Yeomanry, as you say; and in business hours he was carter to Pradell's firm, receiving his orders from the managing clerk, Pradell. The fly in the ointment was that Pigeon used to take out the cases of whisky to various customers *without* the formal little delivery-ticket which was the firm's only check on its managing clerk. Thus, when people came in to pay the bills that were *not* on the official books ——"

Kernahan shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, of course, he thought he would be able to make it all right when they made him manager—which was promised in the New Year.

"It turned out all very strangely. The man that got sacked was Pigeon, who, you'll note, was still in the Yeomanry. They sacked him for carelessness—not for dishonesty. In the meanwhile, by doing a bit of judicious swanking at stock-taking time, Pradell got off scot-free. He weathered over Christmas all right, even with having to dole over a weekly pension to Pigeon, who had kept his mouth shut. Then came the New Year. He got his rise. He made the stock good (wonderful to relate) and, barring the fact that he had committed the dishonest act for which his firm did not, as it turned out, suffer, he placed himself once more in the enviable position of the village blacksmith; he owed not any man."

"Shows what a smart chap he really was," said Stephen, who understood the ins and outs of the wine business.

"You must understand," said Kernahan, taking up the running again, "that, of course, no one in the K.O. knew in the slightest degree that anything was or ever had been actually wrong with Pigeon or Pradell. Pradell told me all this under the seal of the confessional, at the last when he had paid his fine and chucked it. I am open to justify him now.

"He came to camp that May as usual, and so did Pigeon; but Pigeon, although we did

not know it, was not doing groom's work for Pradell and himself out of pure sport. He was hard up and still out of a job. Besides, Pradell had hinted to him that he thought he had better start *earning* some money. Pradell told him (he said to me) that as he had shared half the proceeds of those little unbooked orders and had not only got off scot-free but had had his share honestly repaid for him, his claims might at that time come to an end.

"Very fair, too, *I* should call it. Pradell told him he could give him a job over camp. Pigeon, you see, was to act as his groom. Pradell would have had to pay *someone*.

"It was my first camp, so the incidents in it stand out as clearly as my first hero, Pradell. I remember in particular one day, when the inspecting General was good enough to mention some of us very kindly. One was Pradell. The other happened to be me. And that night in the mess I remember that they told old Pradell, laughingly, to look to his laurels lest I should wrest them from him.

"After mess Pradell looked at me oddly.

"'What I told you was right,' he said. 'You'll be the first man in the K. O.'

"'Are you about to die?' I asked him, laughingly.

"'No,' said he. 'Worse than that.'

"And he walked away quickly to his tent—to attend to Pigeon, who, as usual was roaring drunk and raising Cain.

"The next afternoon we were lolling around the bandstand.

"'I've got an idea that you'll be first man this very night,' said Pradell to me.

"I treated that remark very lightly. I did not know how Pigeon had been blackmailing him for money with which to go on the bust.

"But I noticed that Pigeon was present at mess that night, for a wonder. Pradell had had a few words with him, I think. At least, I know that one thing he had said to him was 'Do what you like, and be damned to you. I've finished!'

"Pradell knew what his finances allowed, and he'd had to stint himself to meet Pigeon's demands, but he'd come to the limit. As he told me afterwards, it meant the old game again, and he was, in racing lingo, 'not on.'

"So, as usual, after toasting the officers, we gave the 'Senior Trooper.' I saw Pradell watching Pigeon a little anxiously.

"The reason of it was explained the next moment, when Pigeon jumped up and cut through the 'Jolly Good Fellow' chorus yelling out:

"'Don't drink to a damned thief—who has gone back on his pal!'

"There was pandemonium, which was silenced by Senior Trooper Pradell getting up and holding up his hand.

"'The first half of Trooper Pigeon's statement,' he said, 'is quite correct.'

"Gosh! Our faces were a study in bewilderment. It was like a dream to see the Senior Trooper removing his bandolier, taking off his belt and his tunic, and removing therefrom the crest, the brass K.O.R.R., and cutting off the buttons.

"Then—he walked out, no man stopping him."

Trooper Stephen picked up the evening paper and cleared his throat.

While the room listened in respectful silence, he read to them in the bald language affected by "Reuter" the account of a sharp conflict with hill-men on the Indian Frontier. Incidentally, the paragraph mentioned the heroism of one Private Pradell, who had lost his life in a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to save a comrade.

The local reporter had added: "It is believed that this man some time since left the ranks of 'B' Squadron, the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry, to join the Regular Army."

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE ALTERATIONS.

Although frost does necessarily put a stop to gardening operations, there is no reason why at other times they should not be continued this month.

The flower-beds themselves will require but little attention, for the bulbs, which will just be showing above ground, must not be disturbed, but the lawn will profit by some attention now and a good deal of the rough work can be got through.

If you have ambitions as a landscape gardener, or if you are not quite satisfied with the present plan of your "pleasaunce," now is the time to set to and alter it.

A new bed may be cut here, a new arch or pergola put up there. A gravel walk may be flagged, or verges where the grass has never done any good may be converted into a border of tiles, stones, or burnt bricks. A tree that blocks the view from a window or that overshadows too large a part of the garden will need to be cut down, and the trunk of it may be converted into a rustic seat, the roots will look beautiful when covered with nasturtiums or ferns later in the year, while the sawing up of the branches into logs for the still very necessary fire will provide some capital exercise.

There is much to be said for the flagged path as opposed to the gravel one, and in an old-world sort of garden it looks very well in keeping. It needs no rolling—in fact, no attention of any kind, for the more overgrown with moss and weeds the path becomes, the better it looks.

To make a path of any length of genuine stone is an expensive matter—about four shillings to the square yard is quite a reasonable price. But a very fair substitute, which it is difficult to distinguish from the real thing, is the artificial stone which is used in making pavements in the streets.

A contractor can supply irregular-shaped slabs of this at a very much lower price, and they can be set in cement or simply on a bed of soil.

The building of a rustic arch or trellis is a fascinating pastime for leisure afternoons. It is well to remember, however, that strength is more important than appearance. Presumably you hope to cover the arch with climbing roses or with some creeper, and you do not want the structure to collapse with the added weight just when the creepers have covered it nicely.

Towards the end of the month ornamental trees and shrubs of all kinds may be planted, and it is advisable to prepare the sites for them in advance so as to avoid any unnecessary exposure.

C. B. STAINER.

COMMON GROUND.

A SUNDAY MORNING EPISODE IN COUNTRY LIFE.

You might stand on the spot for a year week-days and never see more than a sing labourer pass up and over the little hump bridge that carries the road over the railway

Now and then a farm cart will toil up steep approach, halt at the summit for breathing space, and then lumber away down the other slope to be lost in the wide expa of field and woodland through which narrow road wanders inconsequently. It seldom-used connecting-link between two roads which, however, like rival and stuck neighbours, seem to be haughtily unconsc of each other's existence.

It is, therefore, only used at such times a traction engine is required at some isolat farm, planted out in the open many ye ago, and left high and dry by the tide of or when a ploughman moves from field field with his jingling team.

But for some reason, or, more probab for no reason, a little yellow-painted cott has been built in a woody corner, stan well back from the road, and the cottage been granted, by considerate and doubt well-meaning justices of the peace, a licen

Upon the sign-board was originally picture of a long-backed, heavy-uddered —the place is known as the "Dun-Cow" beneath this is the legend, "Mary Ch licensed to sell beer, spirits, and tobacco

In granting the place a licence, the a mentioned considerate and well-meaning tices of the peace must have considered Mary Chart was indeed the better half, for has a husband.

The old man, however, sits, day in day in the chimney corner, nodding to the visitor when not nodding to himself sheer feebleness.

Standing on the hump of the rail bridge, it would be hard work to cou dozen cottages, near or far, on all the landscape; and whenever I visit the "Dun Cow" in the week there are more than two people in the parlour one of them is nodding old Chart.

But come with me one Sunday mo and see the little snuggery of the "Dun Cow" drawing the countrymen like a ma from their cottages.

Not long after eleven o'clock you will the advance guard. He comes alone, of ing with the excessive slowness of labourer at his ease—a pace that is far serene and leisurely than that of the lab at work, and even this is hardly a hustle

Others may be seen converging from ends of the little road, slowly, stopping and then to look round as if out for the of their health.

All are dressed in the black broadcloth bowler that have been the labourer's Sun rig for generations.

There is a clean-shaven look about all, and a few wooden pipes shine dark respectable among the clays.

What distance they have slowly tramp would be hard to say, but they know other well, and chat at intervals.

Chiefly, however, they are obviously ing, and obviously trying to hide the

Then down the line comes a train. are interested in that train because, when passes, they know that the hour has come, a key is turned in the lock of the "Dun Cow" door and the pints will flow.

No sooner has the train passed beneath bridge than one and all move forward two minutes there is not a soul to be seen in the parlour of the little cottage there group of hardy old gossips round a roar fire.

R. Sou

WEARINESS AND CURES FOR IT

SOME HINTS FOR READERS WHO ARE NOT FEELING "IN THE PINK."

Various diseases come under the limelight periodically, and an unaccountable number of patients appear to suffer from them. At one time the prevalent malady is influenza, at another appendicitis.

There is, however, one ailment for which I know no scientific name, but which is more prevalent than all other diseases put together. It may best be described as weariness.

It is, of course, the result of the artificial and strenuous life which is led by the active man at the present time. If he is specially favoured by nature in possessing a faculty of rapid recuperation—that is to say, that if his physical system is so perfect that during the hours of sleep the waste tissues of his body are completely replaced by new matter—he suffers but little. If, on the other hand, he is not so gifted, he finds himself in the low state of health which lays him open to contract one or other of several serious maladies.

"NERVOUS BREAKDOWN."

When a man suffers from weariness in an acute degree, his physician usually diagnoses the complaint as a nervous breakdown, and very often he is right, for the malady of weariness often develops into that.

In most cases, however, it never goes so far, for in the essence of the complaint itself there may be said to lie the cure; I mean that the man who suffers from this weariness usually becomes lazy, and in this way he avoids the nervous strain which was inducing him to burn the candle at both ends. He lessens his hours of work, and consequently saves his health.

As the complaint of weariness is, however, too common to so many, I venture to think that the following suggestions may be of interest, for I believe that the average man can, by adopting them, regain his full measure of health and happiness, without in any way curtailing his working capacity.

THE CHANGE HE NEEDS.

The man who is suffering from this complaint, and who consults his doctor, is generally ordered to take a change, meaning a holiday in the country or at a seaside resort. This is very often out of the question for financial reasons, usually it is inconvenient, and in most cases it is unnecessary. Most certainly he is requiring a change, but the change he needs is a mental rather than a physical one.

You do not become weary if you are constantly interested, and the man who suffers from weariness should look for new interests, however trivial they may be.

He goes to bed with the knowledge that the next day's routine will be much the same as that which has just finished. He has but little interest in the coming morning, little to look forward to, and his sleep is, consequently, fitful and unrefreshing.

If, on the contrary, he has some engagement for the following evening of an unusual kind, he has something to look forward to, something to brighten his spirits, and it is by finding such engagements that a man secures the best mental change. They need not be costly.

Theatre-going offers but little variety to the man who is seeking a change, for the people in the audience beside him, and even the people on the stage, are, as a rule, of the same type as those he is in the habit of meeting. It is better for him to break away from the usual methods of relaxation alto-

Has he ever seen how a chauffeur cleans a motor-car? The process is interesting even to a man who has not the mechanical instinct, and the opportunity is not difficult to obtain. The presentation of your card to the manager of any motor works is all that is necessary, combined, of course, with an average amount of courtesy and diplomacy, and possibly a tip to the chauffeur.

To watch a chauffeur clean his car, and to chat with him—not about your business but about his—is to give you a new experience and a mental change. It gives you something new to think about.

THE VALUE OF A HOBBY.

Another inexpensive form of change is the hobby. Never start one that is exacting or costly, for it is not worth it. The best form of hobby is one in which mental change is combined with considerable physical exertion, as in the case of the study of botany or zoology.

In emphasising the necessity for change, I mentioned the attractiveness of having a pleasant evening engagement to look forward to. In this matter some men go too far, and fill up every moment of their leisure with one or another sort of definite engagement. One evening they have to attend a boxing club, on another they swim, on another they go to a debating society, and so to the end of the week, each evening having its definite duty.

It is regrettable in many ways, that certain so-called medical books should be so widely read, for the assertions they make are, in most cases, merely half-truths, while many of them appear to lack a knowledge of even the most elementary medical science.

"WILL-POWER" CRANKS.

It is not unusual in these books to find the will-power glorified to a plane approaching omnipotence. You are assured that by will-power you can cure disease, and particularly that you can cure yourself of any such neurotic disturbance as that which I designate by the word weariness. Will-power is such an indefinite thing that it can be blamed for anything, but I urge those who read these remarks to avoid relying upon it.

Exterior circumstances are stronger a hundred times than will-power. Almost without effort on your part they will provide you with change, but will-power alone will never do that.

Of exterior circumstances, possibly the most important are one's home surroundings — I mean the place you sleep in, whether it be under your parents' roof, or rented accommodation from a landlady. If circumstances admit of it, as in the case of lodgers they certainly do, it is well to give up your present room, and to take another furnished in a different manner, for this in itself provides you with a change.

COMPANIONS.

Much depends also upon the men whom you meet in your hours of leisure. It is always wise to see to it that they are not the men with whom you work during the day. Have many friends, but have them of different types and of different social classes.

By following these suggestions, the man suffering from weariness may bring himself back to fitness, but it may also be that he is suffering from some more definite complaint. If so—and he usually knows if such is the case—he should visit the nearest medical man without delay and seek his advice. I need scarcely add that he should avoid quacks of all kinds as he would the pestilence.

Another hint, and I am finished. Possibly, if you are chronically weary, the reason may be that you are drinking or smoking too much. If such be the case, the remedy lies in your own hands.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch. M.

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MARY MACNAB

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By H. F. WATTS.

The men in the village choir left their seats and came out of church as quickly as possible, but it was the habit amongst the women members of the choir to remain seated for at least two minutes after the last of the congregation had disappeared down the winding stairs which led from the gallery.

The woman who sings in a village choir renders herself conspicuous, and to be conspicuous on Sunday means that you are going to be uncomfortable unless you are well-dressed.

The women members of this choir went a step further. What sacrifices they made do not concern us, but the size of their hats and the length of their coats gave them a magnificence that not only saved them from feeling uncomfortable, but conveyed to the rest of the congregation an impression almost approaching defiance.

They kept their seats by mutual consent. It was dignified and convenient in many ways to leave after everybody else had gone. At last they rose, collected their umbrellas, and walked towards the door.

The prices of corn and cattle had been discussed, and the congregation were wending their several ways homewards.

Andrew Fraser was pacing the walk beside the church door, and glancing in the most indifferent manner at each lady member of the choir as she emerged.

The fifth to come out was a fair-haired girl, with rosy cheeks and rather high cheek-bones, like most of her Scottish sisters, and a hat which gave her no reason to feel a lack of confidence in herself.

Andrew raised his hat.

"Hallo!" he said. "I mean how do you do, Miss MacNab? Fancy seeing you this bonny morning!"

The strange reticence of the Scotsman may be observed even in his love-making, and it is not unusual for him to pass off as a casual and unexpected meeting an encounter for which he has planned, and about which he has thought, for many weeks before.

Such behaviour might be counted discourteous, but where the young woman concerned is of the same nationality, it does not offend. In fact, she would consider an ardent lover of the theatrical kind much too "English" to be genuine.

"And who would have thought of seeing you!" said Miss MacNab.

The surprise in her face gave absolute conviction to her interjection.

They walked down the path together. Miss MacNab was surreptitiously arranging her fur necklet in an attractive manner and Andrew was finding interest in the grass and iron rails which fringed the gravel.

It went for granted that he saw her home.

Before they had gone far, the Laird's motor passed them. He was not of the old-fashioned type—much too "English" in his ideas, was the opinion of many in the parish—and his motor-car was magnificent.

It delighted the eyes of Andrew as a piece of beautiful mechanism.

"That's the kind of car I want," said Miss MacNab, "and I'll have one some day."

"How?" said Andrew.

The business of engineering provided him with a living, and he believed that it might possibly provide a living for two, but it certainly would not provide thousand-guinea motor-cars.

"I'll get it by my voice," said Miss MacNab.

"No," said Andrew bluntly, "your voice is good, but nothing beyond the ordinary."

* * * * * * *

It was two years later.

Andrew had spent the interval in working with zest at his profession. Miss MacNab had betaken herself to London.

She was out of reach, and hard work had seemed a consolation to him. It had also brought him a fair measure of prosperity.

Following the national characteristic of adapting oneself to new circumstances, he had specialised in the motor business, and was now running a small shop, with a garage behind it and with an entrance at the side, in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

Often he wondered how Mary was getting on in London, and many times he calculated the date of her probable return.

Be it said here that he never worried concerning her. His confidence in her ability to look after herself was complete, in spite of all the temptations of London, which temptations were, of course, magnified to a ridiculous extent by his ignorance of them.

But now there came a set-back! Next to his shop there had stood six or seven houses; these had been pulled down, and now there had sprung up a gigantic sign-board, on which it was announced that a motor company with a new and impressive name was about to erect a works and garage there.

It was a blow. A big motor works next door to his shop would steal away the customers he had won for himself.

He had read on the sign-board that the head office of the new company was in London, and to London he forthwith went, for the first time, to learn what facts he might concerning their intentions.

* * * * * * *

The office boy laid down his pen and opened the door.

"No, sir," he said, as he looked at the card on which were inscribed the words "Andrew Fraser," "you can't see the manager of the Orthodox Motor-Car and Garage Company, but any communication you make will be forwarded to him."

"When will he be back?" asked Andrew.

"Any communication you may make will be forwarded to him," replied the boy, who had apparently learned this phrase with some [illegible] for the word "communication" slipped [illegible] ingly from his tongue.

The house was one let off in offices, [illegible] Andrew inquired at several others in [illegible] building to see whether he could learn [illegible] thing concerning the company in que[illegible] but he could not. He had not then le[illegible] that in London every man is too busy [illegible] trouble about his neighbour's concerns.

He went to Somerset House to see whe[illegible] the Orthodox Motor-Car and Garage Co[illegible] pany was a limited liability concern, but [illegible] officials could not help him. It appeared t[illegible] a private enterprise, of which they had [illegible] records.

Then came a still more interesting [illegible] pedition. Determining to renew on [illegible] morrow his inquiries regarding the [illegible] firm, he set off for Kensington, in which [illegible] a boarding-house largely patronised by [illegible] young lady students attending the Ro[illegible] Academy of Music. He understood that [illegible] MacNab lived there, and when he interview[illegible] the lady who conducted the place he [illegible] whether he might see her.

"She left quite twelve months ago," [illegible] the answer.

"Then what is she doing now?" as[illegible] the visitor.

The first response was a titter, then [illegible] the advice: "If you *really* don't know, y[illegible] better have a look round Leicester Squa[illegible]

Andrew hailed a taxi. When he reached [illegible] Piccadilly corner of Leicester Squar[illegible] alighted. It was theatre time, the pave[illegible] and roadways were crowded, and the ele[illegible] signs were flashing and blinking.

One of the largest, poised in front [illegible] music-hall, consisted of the letters [illegible] MacNab."

He went in, bought a programme, unfo[illegible] it, and tried to assume the air of amuse[illegible] difference which appeared to be the [illegible] the audience.

Number 7 was "Mary MacNab, the Sc[illegible] singer."

He did not mark the other turns, though [illegible] sat patiently and watched them. The [illegible] after the "Selection" was Number 7. [illegible] was applause when the number showed in [illegible] glow-lamps on the index-boards.

The band struck up, the heavy curtain [illegible] outwards and upwards, and from the [illegible] there advanced Mary MacNab.

Her dress was white and simple. She [illegible] to the people some of the beautiful old [illegible] of her country. They could not always [illegible] stand the words, but they followed the [illegible] ment, because she, the song and they [illegible] genuine.

* * * * * *

"I'm not surprised," said Miss [illegible] "I'm 'English' enough now not to p[illegible] to be. I knew you'd come."

The dresser who had brought in his [illegible] left the room.

"You're looking fine," he said. He [illegible] not think of anything else to say.

She put on her cloak and led the [illegible] downstairs. A regal motor-car with [illegible] clayed tyres was throbbing at the [illegible] door. She gave the driver the name [illegible] restaurant.

"I thought maybe you'd have forg[illegible] Andrew said as they seated themselves.

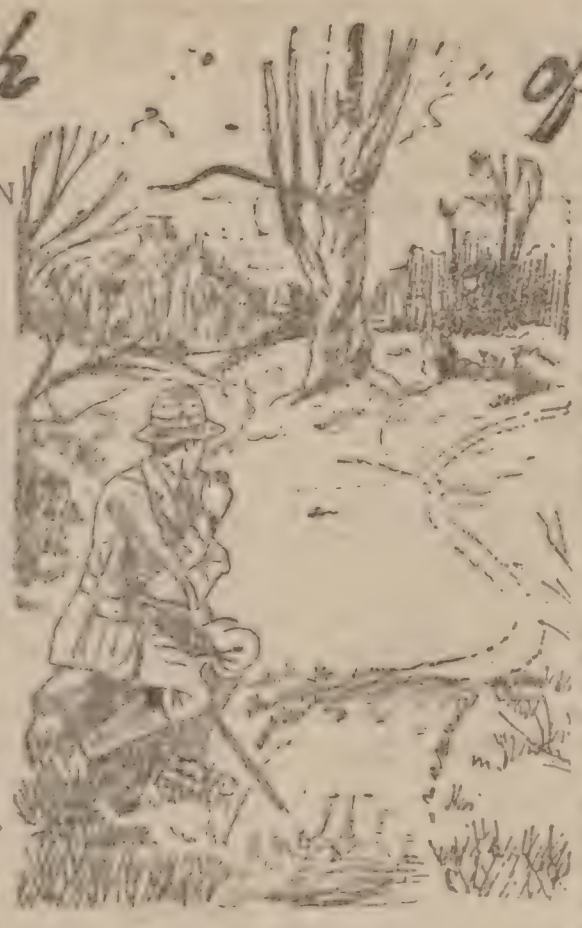
"Guid forgi'e ye for a leer!" she re[illegible]

"There's a new motor place, she [illegible] beside yours in Sauchiehall Street," [illegible] during supper. "It's mine. I'm leaving [illegible] theatrical business. I'm tired of it, [illegible] I've made it pay, and I'm putting my [illegible] my money into the motor business. [illegible] place in Sauchiehall Street will do fine [illegible] start. I'll just absorb your works."

"And me?" asked Andrew.

"You, too," she said, "I'll want you [illegible] managing director."

The Trough of Winter



AN INTERLUDE BETWEEN FLOOD AND FLOOD.

One of the discoveries people make when they leave the town for the country is that town weather and country weather are entirely different affairs. They have nothing in common. In town only the dry day is bearable; not because a dry day is a pleasant day, but because business is more pleasantly done in dry conditions. The most welcome shower on a parched country is an abomination to the townsman, though the pavements are dry and scorch and the gutters send up stifling fumes from far and refuse.

If the countryman ever should lose heart about the weather he would do well now, for we are in the trough of winter, far behind and away from the softer memories of last summer and autumn, and, seemingly, farther from any real signs of the good alleged to be coming.

There is double reason for this. Besides which, as already indicated, in the "depths of winter" we have been led astray by the fact that the New Year has come round again. One of the commonest sayings on and about January 1 is: "We shall soon have spring here, now." It is also one of the most untrue of current phrases. As a matter of fact, spring, if anything, is farther away in the middle of January or the beginning of February than it was a couple of months before.

LOOK BEFORE THE DAWN.

In other words before one sees signs of spring we have yet to go through the deepest depth of winter—to go farther from all signs of life in Nature out of doors than we have reached.

It may or may not be darkest just before the dawn, but in the outdoor world it certainly is most silent and unpromising right before dawn until the spirit of life can contain itself any longer in the darkness of earth and comes leaping out in a hundred thousand different ways.

One needs very sympathetic eyes to see the beauty of the early February landscape; but it is there and may be seen, if you have not surfeited your mind and senses in the delight of the summer softness to come.

One of the greatest joys of English weather at this season is its uncertainty. A boisterous, stormy wet day may run its misty, dull course. You walk out, as I did recently, to your station two miles and a half from home, and tramp along shining wet roads, with lashing rain in your face.

A MORNING.

Then home to the glow, the supper, the mouth and easy comfort after a change; to bed, with the wind still howling and the rain still splashing in on the sill of your open windows. Nevertheless you sleep.

By eight or half-past you wake again on the morrow and look out. Some time during the night the sky cleared, the wind dropped, and there was frost.

A steady but as yet pale sun lights up the wood opposite your windows. You are not deceived, and you skip eight weeks of wind and fancy, spring has arrived.

Anyway, you are out early to enjoy what is only going to be a brief three hours of cloudless sky and tempting sunshine.

If your way lies through a country not hilly, but alternate wood and field, ploughland, and pasture, you are lucky, for there is no sight in mid-winter so cheering as the clear light on a stubble field.

If the field is partly ploughed, so that there are strips of shining brown earth alternating with the white glistening stubble, you are lucky indeed.

All shades of gold and brown gather about such a landscape. Here and there dead beech and oak leaves still cling to the trees, waiting to be pushed off later by the new buds. These patches glow like misty flames coming from the deeper heart of the hedge and woodlands.

Right across many hedges you catch sight of the slow, even motion of two great horses; a ploughing team, their coats adding yet another and richer shade to the picture.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING

The stillness is entrancing. Stand a minute on the road and listen. Turn your back to the sun and let the glow penetrate and warm you. There's promise in it. A glossy rook comes flapping overhead, his tail feathers curled up like those of no other bird I know of. He settles on a tree-top and croaks to the sun, and turns again to watch the ploughing. Put up your walking-stick at him and he is away with a dive, and puts many fields and trees between you and him before he settles again.

Tree trunks are steaming in the hedges. The old farm wall of weathered red brick looks positively warm. The smoke rises blue and straight for twenty yards above the stack, and then a passing current bends and scatters it. They are burning wood on that hearth, you say, as a faint characteristic scent reaches you.

BACK TO WINTER AGAIN.

Over many fields comes a regular roar, and you see a rising, soft white cloud of steam as clean and woolly as a cloud. Down through the thin hedges you catch sight of the glint of sun on shining brass as the train cuts through the fields and is gone.

You turn homeward again, and in turning realise that a change is at hand. A wind has risen, with something of the early morning frost still left in it. Then films of cloud begin to hide the best of the sun, and the morning's glory has passed.

This must be the "depression" that the weather forecast said was on the way. By the time you are half-way back there is no doubt about it. The morning was a deceiver, spring is not yet, and—there! Rain is already beginning!

By dusk-time, which is tea-time, there is a steady downpour. The ditches are filling, the lawn is sodden. Deep winter reigns again.

But while it lasted, the morning was nearly perfection, with the brown land and purple wood emblazoned by a brief spell of sunshine.

C. EASTON-GREY.

"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

A FANTASTIC EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS MAN.

[*Mr. Andrew Archbold found the phial on his breakfast table, and looked at it carelessly. The label bore the words "Elixir of Truth. He who drinks me speaks his mind truthfully." What prompted him he knew not; but he put the phial to his lips and drained it. Then he set out for his office. This is what happened to him there.*]

[*Enter* ESTELLE PRETTY, *his typist.*]

ESTELLE: Good morning, sir. Have you any letters to dictate?

ARCHBOLD: Yes; I have, but I don't want to dictate 'em. You know, I'd much sooner seat you on my knee and cuddle you; but I'm rather afraid a bit of that powder and rouge stuff on your face might come off on my coat, and give the game away to my missus. Besides, I wouldn't trust *you* further than I could see you, either. You've got a long head, and a good eye for the main-chance. . . .

ESTELLE: SIR!!! (*Hurried exit in tears.*)

[*Enter* OFFICE BOY.]

OFFICE BOY: Mr. Grumpy to see you, sir.

ARCHBOLD: Grumpy, eh. Beastly old bore, though he's my best client, so I'd better see him. Show him in.

[*Enter* GRUMPY.]

GRUMPY: Ah, good morning, Mr. Archbold. You look very well.

ARCHBOLD: No; I'm not feeling well at all; and none the brighter for your visit, I assure you. You're so beastly dirty in your habits. Now, I don't need to look twice at that grubby white waistcoat of yours to see that you had eggs and coffee for breakfast this morning. But perhaps it's not your fault, though, because I've heard that your wife doesn't care a button for you, and carries on shamefully with young——

GRUMPY: Sir, you must be *mad!* From this moment I shall cease to do business with you! [*Exit, brandishing umbrella in fury.*]

[*Enter* SENIOR PARTNER.]

SENIOR PARTNER: Oh, Archbold, my wife told me to ask if you and Mrs. Archbold would come to dinner with us on Friday next. . . .

ARCHBOLD: No thanks! I've had experience of your dinners. Cold soup, underdone meat, vegetables swimming in water, so that you can't eat anything and get up from the table ravenous! And then songs by that squalling bony daughter of yours afterwards, and one of your beastly cigars. . . . Why, what's the matter?

[SENIOR PARTNER *is throwing his hands to heaven in a frenzy, his eyeballs start from his head, and he falls, gurgling, in a faint. Telephone bell rings.*]

ARCHBOLD (*taking off receiver*): Hallo? (*Aside.*) My wife. Ah, is that you, Priscilla? What? Will I buy you a pair in the City and bring 'em home? . . . No! I will not. What do you want with such things, with an elephantine figure like yours? . . . *Eh?* Come home at once? Not a bit of it! I'm going out with Hibbert, and Collis, and Phelps, and . . . a party of jolly nice little girls . . . . going to have a rare old time . . . . *What?* You're coming round to the office at once? [*Puts back receiver hastily.*] By George, I must get away quick! She must not catch me. . . . [*Tries to pick up hat and stick. Finds them as heavy as lead. Rushes towards door, but finds his legs won't move. . . . Struggles, and then—wakes up, to find himself in bed, with the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter past seven.*]

ARCHBOLD: Thank heavens! A *dream!*

J. GORDON HOOD.

SPORTING PLUCK.

OTHER MOTIVES MAY MAKE A MAN AN ATHLETE, BUT GRIT CARRIES HIM THROUGH.

Some people's idea of "pluck" begins and ends with saving a man's life under fire in battle or doughty deeds such as one reads of in story-books, and such as one man in a thousand gets a chance to bring off in real life. The idea of pluck in every-day life, and in anything so commonplace as sport, is incomprehensible to them.

But the athlete knows from experience that he is often dependent on sheer dogged pluck to bring him through, and the easier it would be for him to chuck up the sponge the more pluck will he need to stick to his guns—to mix the metaphors a little.

The boxer, for instance, without pluck is not going to get very far. He can admit himself beaten as soon as he sees that things are going against him. But does he? No, he sticks to it as long as he can stand.

As a matter of fact, the weaker man needs more pluck in a set-to with the gloves when he is alone with a pal than he does in a big competition before a crowd of spectators. In the latter case the thought of what they will say or think is largely what spurs him on.

So in a team game or race a man has a further motive, though a higher one, to keep him going when he is done to the world. He does not want to let his side down.

There are probably few footballers who have not asked themselves in the middle of a hard game, at any rate in the early days of their career, why on earth they were going through this of their own free will.

There may be many different motives—perhaps a coveted cap is one of them, the desire for admiration may be another, the wish for the success of the side is certainly a third—but these would not be of much avail without the good old British quality of pluck and the determination not to knuckle under.

Few sports call for more pluck than those involving horsemanship. As far as mere physical force goes, a man cannot compare with a horse; it is his intellect, backed by nerve and pluck, that gives him the mastery.

It needs more pluck to learn to ride or to remount a horse that has just put you on the ground, than those who have not tried it can imagine. But if you have not the pluck to do it at once, you run the risk of losing your nerve once for all.

I have seen a horse come down at a fence in a steeplechase and break his back, throwing the jockey heavily. Yet that jockey rode again in the very next race, looking as cool as if he had not been within an ace of losing his life as well!

He was riding on his pluck, and curiously enough at the same fence his second mount came down, perhaps because of the nervousness that the rider must have felt, though he would not show it.

This time neither horse nor man was hurt, and in a minute he was up again and off.

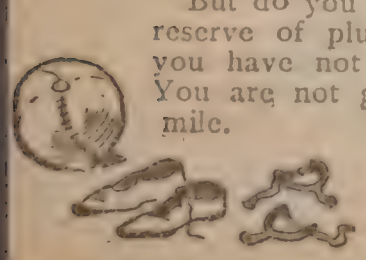
Yet that jockey was a gentleman rider who was riding presumably for the love of the sport and not even for his living.

In running, again, pluck is an essential to success. No man yet won a race without a certain amount of physical discomfort.

It seems so easy when you are at the last gasp a mile or so from home at the end of a long cross-country run to sit down and rest and jog home at your leisure. Perhaps you are for the moment out of sight of other competitors, which makes it seem all the easier.

But do you do it? No; you draw on your reserve of pluck and plod on even though you have not a chance of coming in first. You are not going to be done by that last mile.

J. G. HAYWARD.



MY NOTEBOOK.

WORK.

I gather from my correspondence that there are some readers who believe that I have nothing to do except to ride a horse in the mornings, and to dictate friendly letters during the day.

Occasionally I have given you an intimate glimpse of my real work; as, for example, last week, when I told you how I saved our reputation for punctuality by securing delivery in a certain town, while all other London papers published on Monday were unobtainable there.

It would, I daresay, interest you if I told you some other items of business as they transpired, but it is always difficult to do so, for the men or the firms with whom one does business would not care for such publicity.

At the moment of writing I have just returned from a hurried visit to Birmingham. I am afraid that, as there are others concerned, I must not tell you exactly why I went there, but you will be glad to know that the paper profited by that visit.

I left Euston early in the morning, and by two in the afternoon the business which I had to transact was over and done with, and I was free.

A GARDEN CITY.

Some time before, Mr. George Cadbury had very kindly asked me to inspect the model village of Bournville when next I was in that part of the country, and I took the opportunity of this idle afternoon to do so, for the garden city movement has always appealed most strongly to me, as its development will, I believe, provide opportunities at present unattainable for city workers to enjoy the benefits of country life.

Mr. John Burns, whose work since he has attained Cabinet rank has been so useful, has paid no less than six visits to Bournville, and I understand that he regards it as the model of what a garden city ought to be.

The effect of healthy surroundings and plenty of opportunities for all forms of physical exercise was evident in the healthy, happy faces of the girls employed in Messrs. Cadbury's factories.

I have seen many factories, and in most of them the workers have appeared lifeless and apathetic, but here the girls were bright-faced, and their eyes were mischievously smiling as they looked up to see what new visitor the guide was taking round.

I had a chat with Mr. George Cadbury afterwards. He is nearly three times my age, and a man who has become neither hardened nor soured by commercial life. We discussed the garden city movement chiefly, but for a moment we drifted to the subject of business, and I think that one remark he made is worth passing on.

"People make a great mistake," he said, "when they suppose that the making of money in itself brings happiness. What makes a man happy is the thought that he he has been able to do something, however little, for those who work with him. When he looks at the happy face of one of his work-people, it is as cheering as to look into a mirror when he is feeling particularly well pleased with himself."

WORTH DOING.

There are, of course, many businesses in which one is not able to have this sort of comfort, businesses where the making of money has to be the sole aim and object, and where humanity can be given rein only during private hours.

It is one of my greatest pleasures that my own life's work, exacting as it often is, enables me to do good to many readers, and the letters which I receive from them compensate for long hours and hard work.

"G. R.," a Glasgow reader, informs me that he has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis. He was living near Edinburgh at the time, and he was taken to the Royal Infirmary there, and put through an operation.

"I remember," he writes, "the morning after my operation when the newsboy came round with the papers. He had one copy of THE MODERN MAN, which I immediately bought. Although I was far too ill to read, it gave me real pleasure to have it. I felt very lonely lying in an infirmary about fifty miles from home. I got it from you every week during the five weeks that I was there.

"I am not a doctor, but for a good healthy tonic when a man is convalescent I recommend THE MODERN MAN, as the sporting and breezy tone of it fairly lifts a man out of the dumps."

It is good to know that one has been able to help anybody, and particularly a man who is unwell.

PARSONS AND EDITORS.

I have another letter from this time from a clergyman in a country parish in Scotland.

"It may cheer you to know," he writes, "that your paper has more than once served me in good stead in getting in touch with the young men of my parish. 'Oh, the parson!' is their usual feeling when they see my clerical hat appearing round the corner or at the door.

"In the course of conversation, I discover that they are in the habit of reading THE MODERN MAN.

"Yes, I will say, was not that a good article in such and such a number, and their eyebrows go up and they stare. It takes them a little while to comprehend it. A parson reads THE MODERN MAN! Why, he must be human after all! And then we get quite friendly, and I leave them at last with some consolation, in that I have convinced some of them that parsons and editors alike are not mere shadowy figures, but men of real flesh and blood."

We cannot be half so bad as we sometimes thought we were.

OPPORTUNITY.

I have been talking again about business, and what might be termed the lighter side of it. I am going to give it to you now in more solid form.

The romance of business is a thing not appreciated by most people; they are interested in a man who makes a success, and sometimes they admire him, but they rest content with doing so. It does not seem to occur to them that all he has done is to seize his opportunities, and that the distinction between him and them is that they have not done so.

This busniess is going ahead, and I have been speeding it up by introducing more capital into it.

As you will of course recollect, I am at present time presenting, free of all charges, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares which you may now purchase.

I again print an application form on page 21, and I am going to print it each week till all these shares are taken up.

Judging by the way in which things are pointing, there will be no shares available in a very short time. If, when they are all exhausted, you reproach yourself for having waited too long, at least you will not be able to say that I did not remind you of the opportunity.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FLEECING THE WORKING MAN.

HOW CERTAIN PROVIDENT CLUBS ARE CONDUCTED.

There are thousands of so-called provident clubs all over our islands—in fact, there are several to almost every parish in every town; and while, of course, a great many are perfectly substantial and honourably conducted institutions which do much good, there are, on the other hand, a deplorably large number whose sole purpose is to fill the pockets of idle promoters at the expense of thrifty hard-working people.

Most of these provident clubs are formed to a large body of working-men, clerks and others, who agree to pay a certain sum at periodical intervals and in this way to secure certain benefits in the event of ill-health, unemployment, and so forth.

For instance, a fair average sum to pay is twopence a fortnight per man, a subscription which amounts to about 13s. a year. In return for this the subscriber is entitled to the attendance of the club doctor—an official specially appointed and paid by the institution—when he is ill, and a small sum weekly (generally about 10s.) for a short term of weeks, in case of unemployment.

All this is very admirable—until you look closely into the way in which many of these clubs are conducted. In a very large number of cases you will find that the people who profit by them most are the officials and their immediate relatives.

They are continually taking short holidays from work, on the plea of ill-health. It is surprising how the responsibilities of officialdom on such institutions react on the constitution. As soon as the Hon. Secretary has recovered from a bad attack of influenza, it is the turn of the Treasurer to go away for a week or two on the plea of indisposition. The only formality required is a certificate from the doctor, and this is usually forthcoming, for the medico is not slow to see that refusal would mean his removal from his post. Thus it is that the innocent subscribers are for ever disgorging weekly "levies" (in addition to the usual fees) to keep these ailing officials in comfort and ease.

The writer came upon such a case recently in conversation with a member of such a club who had become suspicious about the alleged indisposition of one of the officials. The trouble was supposed to be rheumatism in the right arm. Our informant made it his business to call on the sufferer, whom he found in bed.

Feigning an extreme solicitude about the man's arm, the visitor pulled down the clothes to look at it, and his suspicions were realised.

The poor sufferer was in bed fully dressed, down to his boots!

Before concluding, I wish to make it quite clear that not all such institutions are tarred with the same brush.

Hundreds of them are of the greatest use to their members, and it is the good they do that encourages less upright concerns to conduct apparently similar businesses on lines that are in reality corrupt to the core.

The best advice I can offer any reader who contemplates joining a provident club is to consult a reliable solicitor as to its rules.

The genuinely praiseworthy thrift of which the British working-man is capable has recently been instanced in several remarkable cases. In one a man earning £2 a week contrived to save out of his salary the sum of £500 in the course of a long life.

It is all the more shameful, therefore, that these scoundrels should be allowed to trade on the virtues of their fellow-men.

C. HYDE.

SPORTING STORIES

CONSOLATION.

The prodigal son was enduring a lecture, and, be it said to his credit, he was taking it very well.

"William," said his father, "you do not seem to understand the responsibilities of life. At your age I had no time for horse-racing, card-playing, actresses, and other frivolities."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear that," said the prodigal son, "but, believe me, Dad, you didn't really miss much. Life about town isn't all it appears to be."

SABBATH-BREAKERS.

It was Sunday, and the little boy was wending his way up the street with a couple of fishes he had caught.

The parson met him.

"Boy," he said, "did you catch those fish today?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I did, and it serves them right! It just shows you what they got for chasing worms on Sunday."

THE NEIGHBOURS.

The young man who was thinking about getting married was extracting a few tips from a friend who had already taken that step.

"Sometimes your wife goes off for a few days to her people," he said. "Do you tell her everything you've done while she's away?"

"I don't believe in unnecessary work," replied the married man; "the neighbours always attend to that."

SYMPATHY.

The old gentleman's luck was out. He seemed to foozle every ball, and at last, in sheer disgust, he turned to his caddie and said:

"I don't believe that there are any worse players than myself."

"Don't say that, sir," replied the caddie, sympathetically. "I'm sure there must be many worse players than you—but they never play."

SAFE.

"The great thing," said one business man to the other, "is to see that your book-keeper has his heart in the office."

"That's all right in my case," said the other. "My book-keeper is engaged to the typist."

THE REASON.

"Sit still," said the irate parent.

"I can't," said the little boy, "and it's your fault."

"How?" asked the irate parent.

"Don't you remember," said the little boy, "that I asked you yesterday morning what a million was, and you said it was a b—— lot?"

"Yes," said the parent.

"When I got to school, the teacher asked me what a million was, and I said a b—— lot. It's all your fault, and that's why I can't sit still."

CLUB NEWS.

NORWICH.—Mr. D. A. R. Edwards, 20, Orford Place, Norwich, is organising a MODERN MAN Club in that city. Will all our readers in the district please give him every support?

ILFORD.—The Ilford MODERN MAN Club is particularly strong, and its enterprising hon. secretary, Mr. B. Pusey, 12, Woodlands Road, Ilford, backed by his committee, is likely to make it one of the best of all our clubs. Readers in all the districts of London which are near Ilford are enrolling themselves as members.

BRADFORD.—The whist-drive arranged by the Bradford MODERN MAN Club for Tuesday, February 7, has been postponed till Tuesday, February 14, because the caterers had previously booked that evening for a party organised by ladies, and the Bradford M.M. Club, always gallant, altered their date immediately on hearing of this other function. For tickets write to the hon. secretary, Mr. H. Edwards, 101, Gladstone Street, Bradford; they cost 1s. 6d. each.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A general meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne MODERN MAN Club takes place on the day on which this number is published, Monday, February 6, at the Roma Café, corner of Grainger Street and Bigg Market. The time is 7.30 p.m., and all readers interested in the movement are cordially invited to attend.

HARLESDEN.—Mr. F. Dawson, hon. secretary of the Harlesden MODERN MAN Club, has arranged that a club-night shall be held at 7.30 every Friday evening at the "Cosy Corner," 30, High Street, Harlesden. All readers of this paper will be cordially welcomed if they care to drop in.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.—The recent whist-drive of the Brighton and Hove MODERN MAN Athletic and Social Club was a great success; consequently another is being arranged. It will be held at the Bon-Bon Shop, 42, Preston Street, Brighton, on Wednesday, March 1, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets, which include refreshments, cost 1s. 3d., and can be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. George Lord, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton. Applications for tickets should be made at once, as the number left is limited.

CLUBS WE WANT TO SEE.—Why is it that certain of our largest cities and towns are still lagging behind? Liverpool, Dublin, Cardiff, and several others ought to have MODERN MAN Clubs. We have plenty of readers there, and we feel sure that some of them must be enterprising enough to undertake the work of establishing a club. The task is very interesting.

CONJURING.

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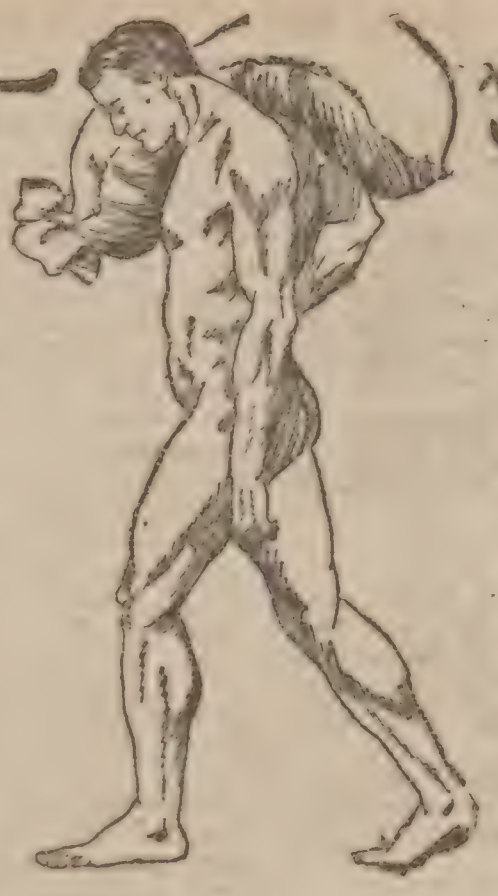


A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SYMMETRY.

One of the most striking features in the appearance of a really well-developed man—and one which is especially noticeable in the statues of Greek athletes which admittedly approach the ideal more nearly than a living man can hope to do—is the perfect symmetry of his figure.

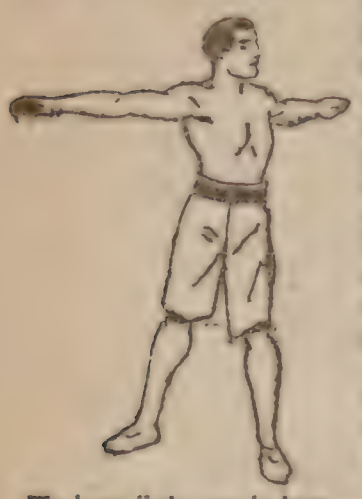
This is what all culturists should aim at. Not only should one part of the body not be developed at the expense of or to a greater extent than another, but the two sides should be developed equally.

It is important, therefore, in all exercises which involve motions of the arms or legs separately, or the turning of the body to one side, that the exercise should be practised an equal number of times in either direction.

A FINE FREE EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the feet planted well apart, and raise the arms to the level of the shoulders.

Now swing the body sharply round from the hips to the left, and keep the arms in line with the shoulders. You will need to exert the muscles of the arms to prevent them swinging on when the body has reached its furthest limit, but if you allow this you will lose half the benefit of the exercise.



The lower limbs must be kept steady.

Now swing round equally sharply to the right, without pausing in the centre.

Keep the feet firm on the floor and do not bend the knees.

The exercise is intended primarily for the lateral and oblique muscles, and will incidentally develop certain muscles of the arms.

SUNDAY RAMBLES.

A man must have a lot of energy to spare before he sets off on a really long country walk by himself, or even with a dog for his only company. But many men would be in far better health if they took more walking exercise, and the organised Sunday ramble provides the opportunity for it.

One week-day afternoon and the Sunday comprise the only daylight leisure that most of us can get, and the half-holiday is usually taken up with some more strenuous sport than walking, or perhaps with travelling or a hundred and one other things.

But the strictest Sabbatarian can hardly object to walking in the open country on the Sunday, for a man could scarcely be better employed.

THE MODERN MAN Club at Brighton has already led the way by organising Sunday rambles, when those members who wish can join together in a cross-country tramp, but the plan is by no means one that need to be restricted to clubs.

Any number of chaps can join together in such a ramble, but the number should preferably be not less than four. On a long tramp with a single companion you are very apt to get tired of each other, however close friends you may be, but if there are two couples this difficulty is overcome.

To ensure the success of such a ramble you should arrange beforehand to have lunch or tea at some definite place. This gives an object for the walk, prevents you from pottering about on the way and keeps you up to time.

COMMON-SENSE IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Too many of those who take up physical culture keenly and honestly, and want to do their best to develop and perfect their bodies, make the mistake of not giving their common-sense and inclinations free play.

The tendency is often to follow some rigid scheme, or to study the personal experiences of some famous athlete or culturist and to adopt the same methods of exercise, diet, and so on.

The result of such a course is often anything but beneficial. What is one man's is another man's poison—a proverb that physical culturist can afford to ignore.

The sensible plan is to give your co... sense and inclination a greater say in... matter. If you force your body to do th... that go against the grain, the chances are... they are not going to be of much prac... benefit.

Of course, a mere feeling of slackn... often advantageously be overcome by... exercise of the will, but if the body r... it is well to take warning.

Nature is the best guide in such m... and she usually makes her demands k... pretty plainly.

It is mere folly to continue, for inst... to eat things that disagree with you s... because some authority has said that they... beneficial or that they agree with him.

The real business of the physical cu... expert is not so much to lay down a hard-... fast set of rules of life and exercises... send copies of them to his pupils, but to a... his methods to the special requirement... each individual pupil.

FOR THE BACK AND NECK MUSC...

Stand erect with the arms by the sides... the feet slightly separated.

Now rise on the toes and with a cir... motion bring the arms up and swing them back into the position shown in the sketch.

At the same time draw in the stomach and throw out the chest.

Throw the head back and draw in the chin so as to give yourself apparently a double chin.

While remaining in this position draw in a deep breath and then expel it.

Finally, return to the starting position, dropping the arms and turning the hands to the sides.

Continue the movement half a dozen times, not forgetting to rise on the toes as the arms go over.

The muscles of the back and shoulders will be greatly developed if the arms are forced back as far as possible, and the neck muscles will be developed by the position of the ... Take a breath ... this po...

To get the full benefit of the exercise... the neck muscles, the position of the ... should be slightly different from that ... the artist has shown in the above sketc...

The chin should be more drawn in s... to project very little beyond the line of ... neck.

I do not mean, however, that the ... should be held any further forward, ... should be forced over as far as the hollo... of the back will enable it to go.

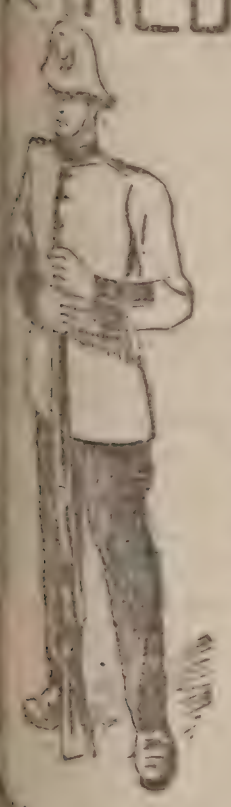
After the theatre or ball try a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

B.M.B.

RED AND BLUE MARINES



"Sez 'e, 'I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—soldier and sailor too!'" —KIPLING.

"Tell that to the marines," a phrase expressive, so my dictionary tells me, "of disbelief and ridicule, from the sailor's contempt for the marine's ignorance of seamanship," is a well-known saying, but one which does great injustice to a splendid body of men, who are certainly no simpletons.

No doubt there is still some friction between sailors and marines, save when faced by a common foe, and in one of his books, "The Shadow of the Quarter Deck," Major W. P. Drury, for- by an officer of the Royal Marines, gives unpleasant picture of life on board a ...ship, the captain of which was blindly ...diced against the "Jollies."

...t no sailor, unless stupidly partisan, ...ld deny that the Marines, both Red and ...as the Royal Marine Light Infantry ...oyal Marine Artillery are respectively ...are an exceptionally fine body of men, the Royal Marines have had a long and ...orable history of which they may well ...roud.

WOMAN IN THE RANKS.

They appear to have been first raised to ...number of 1,200 in 1664, but the divi- ...system, with divisions at Chatham, ...mouth, and Plymouth, did not come into ...e until 1755, while they first acquired ...title of Royal Marines in 1802—three ...s before Trafalgar.

...e of the earliest Marines was a woman, ... sounds like a tale for the Marines, but ...not. "He" was a Hannah Snell, of ...ester, who enlisted in male attire, took ...t in the attack of Pondicherry, India, and ...kept a public-house in Wapping, re- ...g her masculine dress to the last.

...or many years after 1755 all the chief ... in the Marines were held by naval ...ers, but that anomaly was abolished ... ...enty years ago.

...Red Marines date as a separate corps ...1855, the Blue Marines from 1862. ...e Red Marines, it may be added, take ... in the Army after the Royal Berkshire ...ment, the Blue after the Royal Artillery.

OFFICER'S ORDEALS.

...Marine is an amphibious person, that ... say, when borne on the books of any of ...Majesty's ships he is subject to the Naval ...pline Act, and in the same position as ...rds naval authority as a Jack Tar, but ...n not on a ship's books, then he is subject ...to the Army Act.

...join the Red Marines as an officer the ...didate has to pass the same examination ...for Sandhurst, while if his love be the ...Marines he has to face the same ...demic ordeal as the would-be Woolwich ...t.

...after having been gazetted second- ...nant of Marines, Red or Blue, the Navy ...s hold of the young officer, and makes ...spend two terms at the Royal Naval ...lege, Greenwich, at the end of which, pro- ...d he passes a final examination he be- ...s a lieutenant.

Commissions in the Marines are much sought after, for this is one of the few branches of the service in which an officer can practically live on his pay.

The men enlist for twelve years' service with power to re-engage for another nine years, or twenty-one in all, and no doubt it is this long service, coupled with their healthful life afloat, that makes the Marines physically much superior to other branches of the Service, with the exception, perhaps, of the Royal Artillery.

SERVICE AFLOAT.

Afloat the Blue Marine is naturally employed in gunnery, while his Red brother does sentry-go, and performs such infantry evolutions as are possible on board ship.

The strength of the Royal Marines is roughly 20,000, and recruits are generally easy to obtain, as the men make a good impression ashore by their smart bearing and fine physique, while the thought of a semi-sea life has attractions for many.

"CHINSTRAP."

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HOW SPORTSMEN SHOULD PROPOSE.

A SUGGESTION WHICH SOME MEN MIGHT FIND USEFUL.

*[It is an undeniable fact that most men—in fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred—find themselves faced with a particularly harassing problem when they have to propose marriage to the girls of their choice. They feel sure they will make awful asses of themselves, that they will laugh at them; and for this reason they are continually putting off the momentous interview. It has struck our contributor that an easy and effective way out of the difficulty would be for every man to frame his proposal in the terms of his favourite sport or game; and this article is intended to give a few hints on how it might be done.—*EDITOR.]

THE BOXER: Look here, Lucy, it's no good my denying it, you've got me beat. Every time you look at me, I feel as though I'd got a rib-bender; and I'm dying to come to clinches with you, but somehow I can't. I've been sparring for an opening for a long time, but I always "mix 'em"; instead of using the right (word) I get left. You're a regular knock-out; and if you'd only agree to make a match of it, I'll be ready to sign articles to-morrow.

* * *

THE BILLIARD PLAYER: Jenny, I'm jiggered if I know how to start off, for you always leave things so safe. Don't think I'm putting on side. The fact is that my head is spinning; although I'm not screwed by any means. I don't know how to come to cues, but I've got more than one red in my pocket; so if you'll take the top of my table, there'll be a long rest for you, until the Marker calls "Game!"

* * *

THE FOOTBALLER: Don't set your back against me, dear, for, however much I use my head, I don't seem to be able to score. Fact is, the ground's so slippery that I'm afraid of going over the line. Whenever I try to put in a shot, you bowl me over everytime. But, look here, will you be my (better) half and let me be your custodian? Do! If you'll sign on, I'll never transfer you.

* * *

THE ANGLER: Molly, you've hooked your Jack; and it's cruel to play with me as you're doing. I'm in deep water, and I want you to help me out. If you'll only have me, you'll find I'll never disagree with you. Come, here's my fin. Let's have yours on it.

* * *

THE GOLFER: I'm no good at a spoon, my girl, and I always foozle my approach. I'm no good at a single game, but if you'll be my partner, we'll always beat Bogey in a foursome against Care and Age. You will? That's right! I'm over the bunker at last. Let's go off to the tea!

* * *

THE JOCKEY: You're a fine little filly, you know, Polly. Pretty Polly is what I call you. A bit of a high stepper, perhaps, but what you want is someone to get a firm but gentle hold on the reins. Whoa, lass, don't jib! If you'll let me be your pilot for life, you'll find I'll never use the whip, but that existence will be a continual T.Y.C. (Tend you ceaselessly) race. Come on, say the word and we'll soon have the bell going for the Wedding Plate.

* * *

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Deuce! Excuse me—but I've been court-ing you long enough. Let's make a love match of it, dear. *Yes?* Hooray! Get ready for the (marriage) service!

B. F. CHILTERN.

CRIBBAGE.

A SKETCH.

By G. CONYERS.

"Yes, sir. They do—but *not* for money," said the landlord of the little country inn.

I had seen several cribbage boards in the chimney corner.

"Dessay Gillings'll give ye a game, sir," the landlord added. "He's in t'other bar, where Squire's standin' him a drink. Hi, Gillings!"

"'Allo," replied a sleepy voice, inconsequently.

"Gentleman here wants to stand ye a drink."

"In a minute. Not finished this 'un, yet."

"But, man, he wants to play ye 'sixty-one-up.'"

Immediately there was a sound as of aged feet shuffling as quickly as possible.

"But I don't want to play him 'sixty-one up,'" I said. Cribbage——"

"That *is* cribbage," said the landlord witheringly. And I saw that we had learnt the game in different schools.

Old Gillings produced the grimy cards and four matches for pegs.

"First of all," he said, "let's order drinks."

But there was no trace of levity in his voice. It was as grace before meat in a monastery.

I offered to pay.

"No, sir. Loser pays. I like to make a game of it."

This, then, was a game that was under the patronage of no one. As in all the sterner games of life, the loser paid.

"It is the rule," he said in answer to my look of surprise. "If I was a duke an' you a dustman ——"

I appreciated the fineness of the distinction. Under those circumstances he, as the down-trodden duke, would accept no drink from me.

We cut for the crib.

"Done me by a spot," said Mr. Gillings.

I understood that allusion, but afterwards I found myself floundering in a strange sea of unknown terms.

In the play we got to the point where I made it twenty-three——

"And eight's a spree—for two holes," said Gillings.

"I beg your pardon," I said, a little ashamed of my ignorance.

"That's all right," he said, kindly.

And he proceeded to take his own hand. A five of diamonds was (as he termed it) "on deck."

He held in his hand two kings and a jack of diamonds.

"Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, fifteen-six, pair o' butchers is eight, an' 'is nob's nine," he gabbled.

It dawned upon me that the butchers he referred to were the kings—and I realised that the game of cribbage must be old indeed. He did not call them motorists.

Then ensued for me a very bad time. In the play for the coveted thirty-one he seemed to be "waiting for me" all ways. With glee on his face as he recorded each brace of points, he ejaculated weird sentences such as the following—(I am the first speaker):

"Twenty-two——"
"An nine's a screw."
"Twenty-three——"
"An' eight's a spree."
"Twenty-four——"
"An' sivin's a score."

"Twenty-five——"
"An' six is alive."
"Twenty-six——"
"An' five's a fix."
"Twenty-seven——"
"An' four's in heaven."
"Twenty-eight——"
"An' three's a weight."
"Twenty-nine——"
"An' two's in time."

Thus we played on. Sometimes the luck would be balanced, and I should be startled into despair by the announcement of my opponent that he had got "nineteen" in his crib—only to be buoyed up again when he explained that "nineteen" was "nanty-palaver" (which is to say "nothing").

Yet for all his "pegging" in the play that is preliminary to taking the hands, he seemed to have very little luck in the turn up. He would often look at his hand and say:

"Dammit! I ha' got to give ye a pair in your crib, but I must hold 'em this way for a 'Peter.'"

That is the one vice of the cribbage player, the one gambling chance that he holds his cards for. It is the turn-up that affects his game as much as it did Mr. Micawber's.

I suppose that my opponent's facial expression would have given him away to any player with eyes. He would have been ruined at poker twenty times over. But there is no bluff about cribbage. It is a straight English game largely dominated by what is "on deck."

Yet there was not a card that Mr. Gillings had a nautical term for. He never declared two for a pair of "Charlie Beresford's," although to my mind the king of hearts is something like him. But being *au courant* with the Sport of Kings he did not omit to call the king of diamonds the "Solly Joel."

However, to return to our game, not once did Mr. Gillings have the felicity of flinging down his cards and declaring "Peter" in tones of triumph, pegging a dozen holes.

This "Peter" was not unlike the one surnamed Pan, inasmuch as he never *turned* up.

When Gillings wanted a six, seven, or eight to turn up "on deck," he would positively look like an undertaker's mute. A knave showed on top of the pack.

"Measly two for 'is 'eels," he would murmur. "I 'ave 'ad some 'ands, I 'ave, in your crib every time an' get 'choice' [illegible]"

We reached fifty-eight all, and the result of the game depended on the pegging [illegible]

He led off by converting a nine [illegible] played into "fifteen-an' two." Six [illegible] his mark—one from home.

I risked his having another six [illegible] two holes by pairing it.

I waited for the triumph with [illegible] would bang down a court card or a [illegible] shout out:

"Yes — twenty-one, master — an' bloomin' two-er!"

But he could only reply with a [illegible] making it thirty.

I flung down an ace triumphantly [illegible] pegged out.

"An' 'one is dirty'—*very* dirty," [illegible] miserably.

He looked at his match, which sagged pathetically in the sixtieth socket.

"I allus dies in the 'ole," he said.

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ANTICIPATION.

WAITING FOR THE COUNTRY

You really do not know what [illegible] means until you find yourself buried [illegible] country, eight miles from a railway [illegible] stall, and the carrier is your only [illegible] literature.

Muscular, rough-coated, living [illegible] for the moment only, he does not [illegible] as an ideal messenger between you [illegible] who provide you with your mental food.

But he, and he alone, can bring [illegible] papers and the books you want to [illegible]

You wonder whether he ever dips [illegible] their covers. Very likely he does [illegible] his way he is living life, while you [illegible] read about it. Possibly at the end of [illegible] he will be as wise as you.

Early this morning he called: it was [illegible] you were up, but overnight, dreading [illegible] you should miss him, you had made [illegible] list of your literary needs and had put [illegible] in an envelope, legibly directed to the [illegible] stall.

When you came down to breakfast [illegible] found the note gone. Had the carrier [illegible] Yes, he had been and had taken your [illegible]

That, at least, is a grain of comfort [illegible]

Nine o'clock in the morning! He [illegible] not return till fully eight in the evening [illegible] had time to curse his delay over and [illegible] again. For nearly a week now [illegible] been starving for something to read [illegible] news of the outside, busy, many-coloured [illegible] world, and this carrier-fellow was [illegible] have to depend upon.

Every hour seems an age and you [illegible] the long interval. Now and then you [illegible] yourself with the thought of the [illegible] will have when you have the pile before [illegible] "Dailies" and "weeklies" will [illegible] bulk, but there will be a magazine [illegible] and a book to which you have treated [illegible] self.

Towards nightfall you are often [illegible] gate, listening for the familiar rumble [illegible] carrier's cart and the carrier's shrill [illegible] as he draws up at the corner of the lane [illegible] which you live. He expects his [illegible] to meet him, if not half way, at least [illegible] to the nearest point on his direct route.

And you willingly go, for in the [illegible] that he hands out to you there is [illegible] ment for many an evening.

It is only in the far country that [illegible] ducts of the press are welcomed [illegible] but it is a genuine welcome.

M. E.

THE SUPER-HEROES

A SKETCH.

By MORTON PHILLIPS.

We were packed closer than sardines in the [illegible] shed that the local football club [illegible] pleased to designate the "Press-box." The caps of the various vice-presidents were [illegible] wet, and from the peaks of them water dripped down the necks of the slaving reporters.

As at a race, one dictated his view of the [illegible]ings while the others scribbled.

"From the left wing, Brown centred [illegible]ly and Smith secured . . . only to [illegible] down in the mud in front of the goal [illegible] attempting to score. . . . From the [illegible] kick the visitors dashed away . . . [illegible] the rush was intercepted by the home halves. . . . After some tricky work, Brown broke [illegible] away . . . but again the treach[illegible]sand was his undoing . . . Oh, good heavens! Look at that! Bang in some spectator's face!" The dictator left off abruptly and laughed very heartily.

"Serves 'em right. Shouldn't go so near the line," observed one of the committee. "They're always breaking through the ropes [illegible]."

The verbal purveyor of "flowery" continued to regard the crowd.

"There's a bit of a tussle for the ball. Silly asses!"

"Poor brutes must do somethin' to keep themselves warm," said one of the reporters. "Get on with it, lad."

"From the throw-in," said the descriptive expert, and droned on.

There was a small window at the side of me, and, against it, on the wrong side in weather such as this, three young men nestled.

"I wonder they don't stop the match," said one loudly to me. "Ain't it a pity makin' 'em play on in weather like this?"

"Bloomin' shame!" echoed the second, his grimace not being improved by the flaw in the window-pane.

I smiled them encouragement. It struck me that had I held their position at that moment, I should have had all I could do to pity myself. But the Press are more pampered than dukes. (Though, thank Heaven, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not yet realised it!)

It continued to pour in a thoroughly English manner. The football field was one rain-streaked, moving picture of men in sweaters and mud-loaded boots dashing about in all directions—usually to no purpose.

Even the backs on both sides were doing an abnormal amount of fruitless slithering after a ball that had no chance of doing anything else except bounding over the line amid the enthusiastic spectators. And each time that muddy ball left its mark on a face or coat or (in lucky cases) on white woollen and other gloves.

The crowd seemed positively to enjoy it. Nothing seemed to damp their ardour.

At last, when there was every appearance of a second deluge approaching, when the sky blackened and the field was nought but a lake, the referee blew his whistle for a consultation.

It was but momentary. The match was abandoned.

We dashed out of the Press-box to make a run for it.

As I ran the three young men caught me up.

"They ought to have given it up before," said they indignantly. "Those poor chaps must be nearly wet through!"

And gathering their water-logged coats around them they splashed on behind me, handicapped by at least a stone of pure English rain-water, the surfeit of which dripped from their caps, ran off their coats, and squelched out of their far from weather-proof boots.

Yet they say the truly self-sacrificing sportsman is a *rara avis* in these latter days!

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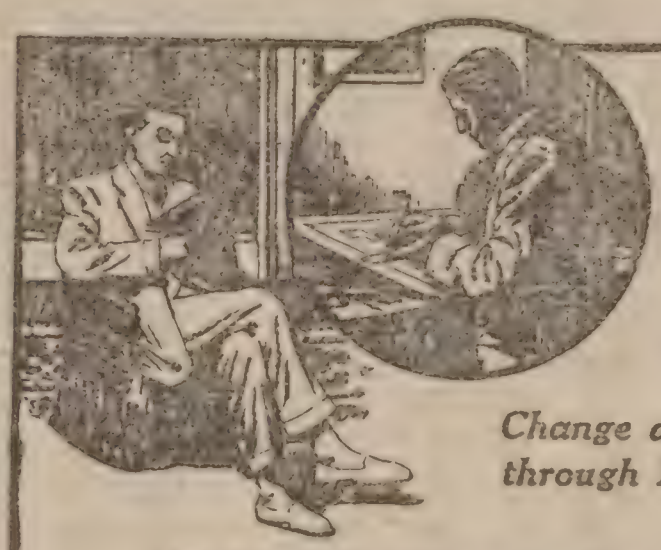

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CAG	23	2	6	GB	14	14	0	JJW	21	10	0	Mrs.HO	25	5	6
SKR	15	0	0	JWM	22	0	0	CO	15	10	0	Miss KI	12	0	0
JLS	20	0	0	Mrs. JW	18	0	0	DLS	22	10	0	WLR	15	0	0
WBC	20	0	0	EHS	24	10	0	ELF	59	6	0	TDH	27	5	0
JAD	182	10	0	HT	19	16	0	TJB	14	12	6	AEB	28	2	6
EWH	16	10	0	WEB	16	13	0	AH	14	9	0	FEG	54	0	0
HBG	41	5	0	RG	36	11	3	GR	12	0	0	FS	14	15	0
GG	46	0	0	JEH	12	0	0	SMC	12	0	0	AH	26	15	0
WS	17	7	9	Mrs. P	19	13	6	JM	11	2	6	CW	20	19	9
CJW	13	0	0	AMS	13	5	3	JAW	27	10	0	LT	33	19	9
WGS	18	0	0	WGS	18	0	0	CP	13	9	9	WER	23	0	0
VS	18	0	0	JGB	30	0	0	TL	62	16	3	WC	63	9	0
LAWJ	12	15	0	JAD	46	0	0	AH	20	0	0	DLS	67	11	9
AT	29	11	10	Mrs.HO	23	12	6	SCD	25	5	3	HEN	99	15	0
RC	16	2	9	HRB	13	5	0	PJD	36	10	0	AER	12	0	0
Mrs. JW	12	0	0	HEM	24	0	0	GTG	50	0	0	MJS	43	15	0
NB	40	0	0	HHB	28	0	0	CL	15	5	0	ARW	15	5	0
EJB	12	9	0	JJW	21	5	0	JWB	16	10	0	HEN	295	0	0
Mrs.CH	62	14	0	VS	18	0	0	JDB	10	15	0	FEG	148	5	0
LPS	18	0	0	WLR	20	0	0	JAC	12	0	0	AB	26	0	0
SM	17	5	0	JJE	12	10	0	RAR	22	18	0	JAD	83	10	0
HS	32	0	0	WP	24	5	0	RWS	22	10	0	TDH	23	12	0
RS	12	5	0	SM	21	16	6	WC	24	0	0	FJB	25	0	0
FCW	15	9	6	WGS	12	0	0	ARW	38	15	0	RWS	14	2	6
JB	50	0	0	JAD	13	2	0	RS	12	0	0	GH	21	2	0
JSS	24	0	0	TS	16	16	6	HB	26	0	0	WAH	53	6	0
WP	13	16	0	RS	11	15	0	JAD	112	10	0	ERD	31	5	0

The Above Sums were made by Clients starting with £6 and upwards in a Few Weeks.

If You forward the Coupon opposite You may be still more fortunate.

"JOHN BULL" (Feb. 9th) says: "If you win, you will be paid."

EVERY CHEQUE CAN BE SEEN.

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of how the above sums were made.

M.M. 11/2/22.

Name _____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

Address in Full _____

Date _____

(Please write distinctly.)

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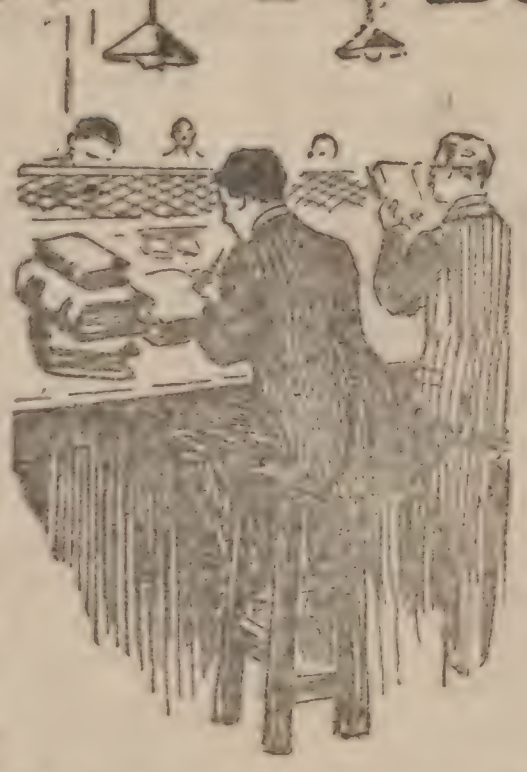

OPENINGS FOR THE MAN OF 20 TO 25.

Many men are faced with the question of deciding on their real career in life about the time they reach the age of twenty. They may have been previously occupied in some business or trade, but often in a position which offered no prospects of advancement.

It may be useful, therefore, to many who are thinking of making a change to mention briefly some of the careers that are open to the young man who has not served an apprenticeship to any trade, with the prospects and the drawbacks.

EMIGRATION.

The first possibility which will occur to many will be that of

It is now fairly common knowledge that clerks and shop assistants are not wanted in the Colonies, and unless you have an assured position it is folly to emigrate "on chance."

For the man who wants an open-air life, and prospers to take up farming, however, there is plenty, especially in Canada and Australia. Previous agricultural experience and knowledge is not essential. If the new man is ready to learn and a good worker. But Colonial methods are so different to those of older countries that the experienced man may have much to unlearn.

For the first year even an inexperienced man, with energy and good health can command £20 or so with board, lodging, &c.

The man who has a little capital may be tempted by a free grant of land to start on his own, but unless he has experience of farming and of Colonial methods and markets he will be very ill-advised to do so. It would be far better to start by working, for however low a wage, for an experienced man.

TEACHING.

The profession of the schoolmaster demands years of training, at no small expense, as well as considerable intellectual ability, but there are many things that a man can make a living by teaching, which do not require the same gifts.

Often a man's hobbies can be turned to account with a little further study and practice, and he will then have a profession into which he can throw himself heart and soul.

The teaching of boxing or physical culture, for instance, will provide a congenial occupation, and at the same time a profitable one for the sportsman who combines personal prowess with business ability.

One does not need to be a champion to teach successfully, for one may have an excellent knowledge of the theory without much more than average ability in practice, but what is necessary is the knack of imparting your knowledge. If you do not possess that you had better give up the idea of teaching.

The man whose favourite sport is swimming may get a good post as instructor at a swimming bath, while the post of instructor at a gymnasium or a riding-school may be quite remunerative and attractive one for those who excel in gymnastics or horsemanship.

Some further suggestions will appear next week.]

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

RHODESIAN MINES.

Notwithstanding the reports heard on all sides as to the wonderful prosperity of the Rhodesian gold-mining industry, the publication of the returns of gold produced in 1910 shows that there is an actual reduction in value, compared with the production of 1909, of £54,507.

As the large South African houses must have got from the public a very substantial amount of additional capital in the course of the year, the prospects of the "bulls" in this market are anything but rosy. Of course, various shares will be boomed occasionally to help the market; but, in my opinion, the holders of shares in South Africans generally will lose money.

RUBBERS.

The Rubber market shows great promise, as the fall in the price of the raw article has not only been checked, but a substantial recovery has taken place.

Cheap shares have also been in great demand by the small investor, and, provided the shares of sound and genuine companies are chosen, the profits on the outlay will be immense and will increase year by year.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

Canadian Pacifics show decreased traffics—compared with last year—for the last two weeks, but whether this is caused by blizzards or by the reaction in trade—which must take place after the extraordinary prosperity of the last two years—I am not in a position to state; however, in any case Canadian Pacific shares are quite high enough, and I would sooner buy "Trunks" at present prices.

The ratio of expenditure to revenue last year was 73.10 on this line, which shows that considerable outlay, which might reasonably have been debited to capital account, has been charged to revenue.

HOME RAILS.

The dividends on Home Rails have been generally up to expectations, but prices in most cases have not improved much; but the investor need not be afraid to wait, as trade in the country is showing decided improvement over and above increased value of goods.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. (Widnes).—I should not advise an investment with the institution you mention, as although respectable it is on the small side.

A. O. (Merton).—In my opinion the company is largely over-capitalised.

E. T. B.—I know of no reason why you should not deal with the company you mention.

"READER" (Bradford).—By all means keep your Mexican Rails; you will see higher prices very shortly.

"RUBBER" (Leeds).—You may safely buy Way-Halims. Some large blocks have been purchased this week.

M. L. O. (Hastings).—Sell 5 and 9. Average 3, and hold others for the present.

RUGS.

THINGS THE TRAVELLER SHOULD HAVE.

Every man should have among his possessions a stout, warm rug. Yet it is surprising how comparatively few men always have one handy. Probably it is because a rug is usually only called for by a man when travelling by train.

If he drives or motors, he can depend on having wraps provided.

A rug will make all the difference between absolute wretchedness and comfortable contentment, on a railway journey. It is welcome almost all the year round, for in the few really hot months when it is useless as a covering it always makes a splendid pillow if the journey be at night.

It is always a matter of surprise that so few people choose a good rug as a present. It seems an ideal gift, and is not really expensive. It lasts for ever if good when bought.

Do not leave the purchase of a rug to the last hour before joining the train. You will be in a hurry and get an inferior, or otherwise unsuitable article, because you have not had time to go carefully into the purchase.

Do not buy a rug of very light colour. They are not things that go to the wash every week, and a light rug soon looks soiled. Dark reds, greens, browns, and greys are the shades to get.

It will save much annoyance if you see that the rug has no long fringe. A short fringe, say a couple of inches, is useful as a covering for the boots when the rug is in use; but a long fringe is for ever trailing on the floor of the carriage, gathering up all sorts of undesirable dirt.

If you buy a cheap rug, you must not expect an all-wool warm article. Give a fair price, remembering that you do not buy a rug every year, and you will be well satisfied.

MODERN MAN CIGARETTES.

Welsh readers can now obtain MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco from E. J. Purnell, Tobacconist, Abertillery, Wales.

London readers can get them from any of the many branches of Messrs. Bewlay, the proprietors of these cigarettes.

Provincial readers who find any difficulty in obtaining them locally should write to Messrs. Bewlay, 26, Strand, London, W.C.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Honour of Richard Selby

By ADAM STERN.

"There's an order here that we sha'n't be able to handle," said Richard Selby, going through the morning's letters again after having opened them.

"Whose is that?" asked his friend Graill.

"From Slaver Brothers, of Bristol. You remember them? 'Wholesale dealers in ironmongery and agricultural implements'—as they somewhat ornately style themselves.

"We've done business with them for some years. Nothing to grow rich upon, but it has generally amounted to a fair-sized order once in every six months.

"They want now two thousand one hundred pairs of bright twisted trace-chains, 8lbs. per pair, hook at one end, ring at t'other, same as they had before. And they want 'em within three weeks."

"Can't we do it?" asked Graill.

"Out of the question," said Richard. "The trace-chain shop is up to the eyebrows in orders already, and is likely to be until we get the new extension completed.

"It's a pity, Jim. Slavers plead for a special effort, saying that it's the custom of the farmers they deal with to replenish their stock of traces early in the spring of the year, and that unless we can manage the delivery they will miss the season."

"Why the deuce couldn't they order the stuff before?" said Graill.

"Why, indeed!" said Richard. "It seems to be the particular curse of some people to put off things till the last minute."

"And then," Graill supplemented, "to get into a flurry of anxiety for someone else to make good their dilatoriness."

"That's a fact," agreed Richard. "For the shortest cut to difficulties, lost chances, and failure, commend me to the fatal practice of procrastination. However, it does little good to moralise. The crucial point is, that Slaver Brothers are in urgent need of the goods, and we can't supply them. Therefore the best service we can render them is to put them into touch with a firm who can. I should imagine they don't know a lot about the chain trade. The order comes regularly to us, and probably it's the only line they buy."

"You mean you would hand over the order to a competitor?" asked Graill.

"That's it," said Richard.

"But would they do the same for you in a like instance?"

"What does it matter whether they would or wouldn't?" said Richard, who was singularly unaffected by the habits of others. "I'm no believer in a dog-in-the-manger policy. Collar all you legitimately can for yourself, is a sound business principle, but what you can't get or don't want, surrender very gracefully to the other party."

Graill laughed.

"We'll put William Bradlaw in the way of this," Richard announced in conclusion, "if he's in the position to execute and cares to take it on."

With that he went on to talk of other matters.

They met William Bradlaw at "The Hare and Hounds" at lunch time, whither he was wont to go for his midday meal, as did many other master chain-makers in Moulden, and Richard mentioned the matter over a drink in the smoke-room afterwards.

William Bradlaw revealed no overmastering disposition to fall in with Richard's suggestion. He was innately cautious—this stout, heavy-featured, slow-tongued man, whom Richard rightly regarded as his shrewdest and most experienced rival—and given to few enthusiasms.

He pondered the matter with fat fingers interlocked, his bovine eyes fixed on vacancy,

a long black cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth.

"Two thousand one hundred pairs," he said. "Hook and ring?"

"Yes."

"What price?"

"Twelve bob a hundredweight I've been charging. You'd be expected to quote the same."

"Carriage paid?"

"Delivered on rail in Bristol, packing in casks free."

"What terms?"

"Two-and-a-half monthly."

"Do they pay as they ought?"

"Never been anything to grumble at."

"M—m." William Bradlaw thought. "Might be managed," he admitted gruffly, "but there ain't much in it."

"I shall be very glad if you'll undertake the job," said Richard.

"As you make a point of it ——"

"I do," said Richard, thereby committing one of the indiscretions of his life. For favours should never be pressed home.

"All right," assented William Bradlaw. "I'll send 'em a quotation to-night. What's the address again?"

Richard gave him the address.

"Best wait their reply before you start on the order," he advised.

"You bet," said Bradlaw.

That afternoon Richard said to Graill——

"You might drop a line to Slaver Brothers. Explain how we're placed and our regrets, and say that, realising the importance of early execution, we have passed on the inquiry to another maker, whose stuff is thoroughly reliable and who can deliver the goods by the time stated."

And the following day the order was confirmed to William Bradlaw by wire; and duly within three weeks it was executed.

II.

Some seven weeks later, at about ten o'clock in the morning, William Bradlaw walked into Richard's office with the true Black Countryman's brusque lack of ceremony.

He was a trifle redder in the face than normally, due probably to the exertion of walking.

He was breathing rather stertorously as he drew a chair close to Richard's desk, sat down on it, nodded to Graill, and then, pressing a hand firmly on each square-set knee, regarded Richard with his unreadable gaze.

"Mornin'," he said.

"Morning, William," Richard, pushing his aside and swivelling his half round to face him. was idly twisting a his fingers.

"I've come to get a bit of information

"Right-ho."

"You remember that matter o' Brothers, of Bristol, you put me on to while back?"

"Perfectly well," said Richard.

"For which," added William Bradlaw care, "I was much obliged."

"Yes."

"Well, the stuff went off accordin' to and invoice was sent, and statement as usual at the month-end. That was three weeks ago."

"Haven't they paid?" said Richard, ing that this was his complaint.

"No. What I was goin' to ask is, did *you* get on with them?"

"Always paid me some time during month after delivery. You needn't William. The month's not up yet. Give time."

"Ah." William Bradlaw produced a from his pocket, ruminatively bit the end lit it, and puffed several times leisurely. was watching Richard all the time.

"Got any objection," he remarked "to me seeing that account in your ledger?

"Not one," said Richard.

He glanced across at Graill. "Get will you?" he asked.

Then he looked again at Bradlaw.

"O' course, I don't doubt your added William Bradlaw; "but it's convincing to see."

Richard did not answer, but imperceptibly his expression changed. When William Bradlaw introduced sarcasm it was well to be guard.

"You'll be convinced," he said, and, to his desk, went on with his work, Graill to show him the ledger.

A minute afterwards William Bradlaw "Ah," and Graill closed the book, taking back to the safe.

"Just as you said," resumed the chain-maker. "I thought as you'd so pat you might ha' made a mistake.

"I remember these things," said Richard casually.

"You'd been pat about the matter through, so it seemed to me," Bradlaw, between puffs. "I couldn't make it out at the start—and can't now. couldn't you factor the stuff; buy it and execute th' order yourself? That doin' things ain't uncommon."

"Because it was an order that would stand two profits," answered Richard.

"And you'd also ha' had to trust Brothers wi' the money," added Bradlaw, nificantly.

Richard, pausing in the act of turned his head.

"What's this you're getting at?" manded bluntly.

"Tryin' to find out," answered Bradlaw "whether, when you told me you busy to handle that order yourself, speakin' the straight truth, Richard."

Selby laid down his pencil.

"Anything to add to that?" he asked.

"Only," replied Bradlaw sarcastically, the firm's gone smash, and I'd like to gratulate you on the way you escaped your money."

"Slavers bankrupt!" said Richard, ing the thrust in his surprise.

"Mightily astonished, no doubt!" Bradlaw. "You wouldn't know as they were groggy, o' course?"

"No; I certainly did not," said Richard.

"Ah," Bradlaw's colour had deepened vein in each temple was prominent.

stood up, removing his cigar.
" course you wouldn't," he repeated.
ll, I've let y' know that I've discovered
cleverness—and like ye none the better
it."

rasped out the last words, and turned
rds the door.
a moment," Richard's level voice
pted. "Do I understand, William, that
imagine I played this low-down trick on
deliberately?"
That's my meanin'," said Bradlaw, wheel-
ressively and eyeing him.
hat, in fact, I'm a liar?"
es." William Bradlaw strode to the desk
ought down his fist on it fiercely.
A damned liar!" he said.
By G—d," said Selby.
pushed back his chair and stood up,
whole body twitching.
bent over the desk, leaning his weight
his knuckles, and looked long into
's rage-lit eyes. Bradlaw glared back,
chingly.
raill, fascinated, watched these two strong
s lapse of control, and wondered when
ow would come.
t Richard recovered.
pulled his chair beneath him again
and sat down. His face was dark
blood—but smiling.
The interesting feature of this argument,"
id, "is that you undoubtedly have a
ed grievance. I'll remove it, William, if
'll kindly be seated again. What was the
unt of your invoice to Slavers, do you
en to know?"
I do know," answered Bradlaw, "but
nothing to do with it. It's the
e that I can't abide. 'Tain't the
money was the primary cause, at
continued Richard, opening his cheque-
"Let me see—fifteen tons at twelve
ds a ton—that would be the weight near-
s, William—comes to one-eighty quid—less two-and-a-half; one-seventy-five pounds, ten shillings, nett. Here's your money, William, that I lied to deprive you of."

"I don't want it," said Bradlaw gruffly, waving the cheque away.

"You'll take it," said Richard, with cold determination, rising up. "It won't aid any to quibble. I prove myself no liar by this means, instead of the pleasanter way of knocking you down. You went a bit too far, William, but let it pass."

"I don't want it, I tell you," repeated Bradlaw. "It ain't the money, it's what—anyhow, I'm sorry, Richard. I hardly meant just them words."

Richard impatiently shook the cheque.

"Very well," said Bradlaw ungraciously, "though I tell you I don't want it. If there's anythin' recoverable o' that bad debt it'll be yours, o' course. And I'll hand it on."

"All right," said Richard curtly. "Good-day."

"Good-day."

William Bradlaw went out and shut the door.

Richard caught Graill's eye.

"Damn!" he said sourly. He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, rattled his money and his keys, and thought.

"Don't see that I could have done anything else," he said. "The man was as good as cajoled into the transaction. . . . *Damn!*"

"A clear loss, I suppose?" said Graill, anxious to visualise the unpleasant fact.

"I don't know about that," said Richard. His jaw protruded. "I don't know so much! We'll see." And there was a sudden fighting light in his eyes which betokened he had hit on an idea.

The same day he went to Bristol.

He interviewed Slaver Brothers. He learned that it was not intended to reconstruct and carry on the business, but to close it down, disposing of the stock by auction. They had had a long and hard fight against adversity, to which at last they had succumbed.

Richard walked through the deserted premises, and saw that the chain which William Bradlaw had supplied was still in the casks and untouched.

Richard was present at the sale, and bought the chain for a round sum of forty pounds. He could easily get rid of it elsewhere at the current market rate. And, some time later, William Bradlaw paid over to him a sum equivalent to four-and-sixpence in the pound, which he had received from the liquidator.

In the end, Richard found that he was no loser—in fact that he had made a few pounds.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

IDENTIFICATION.

HOW FRENCH METHODS DIFFER FROM OURS.

In the matter of identifying criminals our police are miles behind the police of Paris and Berlin.

When a hue and cry is raised in this country the portraits published of the man wanted are of the most indefinite character, and are in many cases positively misleading. In France and Germany they do not rely upon the publication of portraits or upon the assistance of the public; there the police see the whole thing through.

The French police, in particular, are experts at identifying a man, and the reason is that they are properly taught. They are shown how to observe the curves of the nose, the size of the ears, the colour of the eyes, and other points that the criminal cannot disguise.

These things have to be studied and explained; they should not be dependent on natural instinct or cleverness. There is no reason why our police should not be as successful as their Paris confrères in discovering wanted criminals, for our men are twenty times better and more intelligent. The difference is that the French police are thoroughly instructed in this matter and our men are not.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

The Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each £1 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

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Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

VEST-SLIPS.

I referred last week to the necessity of "living up to" a vest-slip with the rest of your clothes.

There is undoubtedly nothing that gives such a finish to the appearance of an otherwise well-dressed man in a morning coat or a dark lounge suit, but there are vest-slips and vest-slips.

To get a good result, I should recommend you not to have your vest-slip starched, and you will need all your powers of persuasion to prevent the laundry people from doing so, but if you scrawl your instructions on the back in pencil, it may have some effect.

The ideal plan is to have a separate vest-slip for each suit with which you habitually wear one. It can then be pinned or buttoned in place on its return from the wash, and need not be removed each time the waistcoat is taken off.

It is essential that the slip should be fixed to the waistcoat by some means. If you attempt to wear it separately, simply fastening the two ends together at the required angle below the waistcoat opening, the whole thing will probably slew round, so that you have a wide expanse of white on one side and none on the other. The general effect in that case is very, very much worse than if you had no vest-slip on at all.

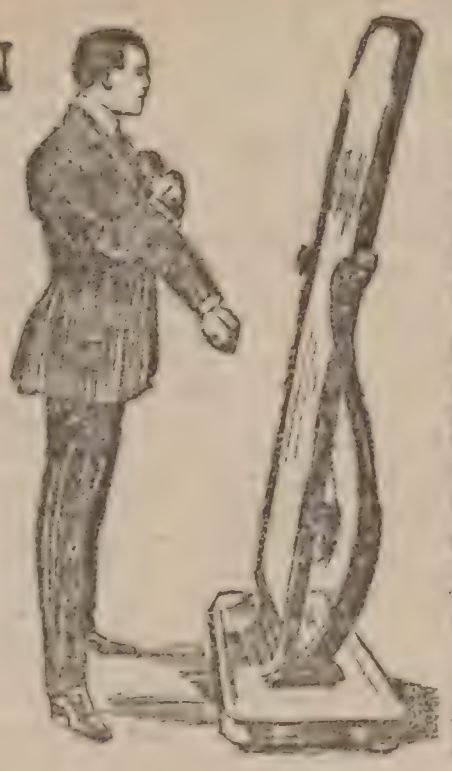
A USE FOR SUPERANNUATED WHITE WAISTCOATS.

There may be some of my readers who have in their possession one or more old white summer waistcoats of a cut now out of date.

The white piqué or linen waistcoat is now more or less out of date, whatever its shape, but some of us have not been able to find it in our heart to throw away old friends that have braved the terrors of the wash so often.

It is often possible, however, to cut the top piece off so as to make a very serviceable vest-slip when fixed inside the opening of a dark waistcoat.

If possible, of course, the lower edge should be hemmed where it has been cut, but this is by no means essential, as it will be hidden by the waistcoat, and it can be simply trimmed with a pair of scissors if it becomes frayed by the washing.



A HINT FOR THE SHOOTING MAN.

Probably a very large proportion of my readers go in for rifle-shooting in some form or other, either as Territorials or as members of rifle clubs, and no doubt a good deal of that shooting is done in ordinary everyday clothes.

Those who have done much firing in the now generally adopted prone position will probably have found that the elbows of their coats have suffered by the continual contact with the ground.

The wearing of one's oldest coat, which is, of course, advisable, does not entirely meet the case, for one does not want to journey to and from the range with a large hole worn in each elbow.

There are two simple remedies for the trouble, however.

One is to have a piece of leather sewn on to the cloth to protect the elbow. A pair of buckskin strappings such as are used on riding-breeches are most suitable for the purpose.

But this plan can only be adopted by those who have an old coat that can be devoted solely to the purpose, and since it will only be worn when you are carrying a rifle or are in the neighbourhood of the range, the peculiar appearance of the patches does not matter, for the object of them is obvious.

For those who do not shoot very frequently, however, or who cannot keep one coat for that alone, a simpler plan is to have a couple of armlets made of the same or similar cloth to the suit, and to slip these over your sleeves on reaching the range.

They need not be more than ten or twelve inches long, but they will protect the elbows of the coat, and if they get worn through themselves they are easily replaced.

I believe that detachable leather elbow pads, strapped on with elastic, are now sold separately and are allowed in competitions, but there is no need to go to the expense of these.

OVERHAULING YOUR CLOTHES.

As the mere man generally knows to his cost, the annual spring-cleaning to which the house is subjected usually brings to light many small points that need setting right and minor repairs which must be made.

A man's clothes, if they are to be kept in tolerable repair, need "spring-cleaning" also, but this ought to take place not annually but monthly, or oftener.

I happened to be talking to a friend—a well-dressed man who takes some care about his appearance—in the street the other day, when the wind blew one side of his jacket partly open, and I observed in the lining a rent several inches long.

He was utterly ignorant of its existence and did not know how it could have come there.

It might have come there in a hundred different ways, but if he had been in the habit of overhauling his clothes periodically, he could not have failed to notice it, and might have had it repaired.

A tear of this kind, which, as in this case, is liable to be noticed by others, is nevertheless likely to escape the notice of the wearer, especially if he keeps his coats on hangers and does not fold them at night so that the lining comes outside.

Another point that is noticed in the course of overhauling a suit is the accumulation of dust and dirt in permanently turned trousers.

If they are not periodically turned down and brushed, they become filled with dust, and, moreover, the cloth is liable to be worn through at the heel. If it is repaired in time, the damage is but slight, but otherwise the trousers are liable to be ruined.

JUDGING A TAILOR.

Never condemn a tailor or firm of tailors by the first suit turned out for you. Some men, dissatisfied at the first production of a new man, do not give him a second trial, with the result that every new suit goes to a new tailor, and every change means another "experiment."

Of course, if a hopeless and unsightly failure is produced, you are well advised if you refuse to take it; at least you cannot be blamed for transferring your patronage.

But it often happens that a suit is faulty only in one or two details. The cuffs, for instance, may not be to your liking and may, perhaps, be made in such a manner as to prevent any alterations being carried out. Well, you can but reason that experience and experiment has to be well paid for, and, if you explain your needs once again to the tailor and point out every undesirable feature in his first product, the chances are that you will be well satisfied with the next suit of his making.

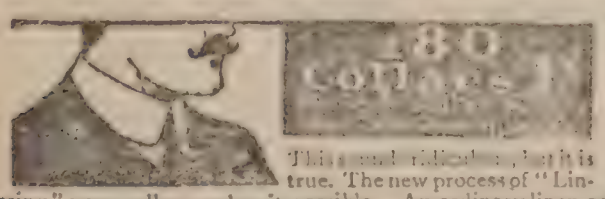
You may remark that the requirements might well have been explained carefully in the first instance, but with a suit of his own making before him, all its faults laid bare, the tailor, if he be worthy of that title, will not fail to produce an article which words and his needle alone could not have brought into existence. You must show him what faults actually exist.

HOME-KNITTED SOCKS.

In these days of bright-hued footwear some men have a prejudice against knitted socks of any kind. But I am convinced that this prejudice is quite unnecessary.

If you are lucky enough to have a relative or friend who is able and willing to knit your socks for you, I should advise you to snap at the chance.

I don't say that you should leave it to



This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

LIN-GLOSS WORKS, 32, SANDROCK RD. LONDON S.E.

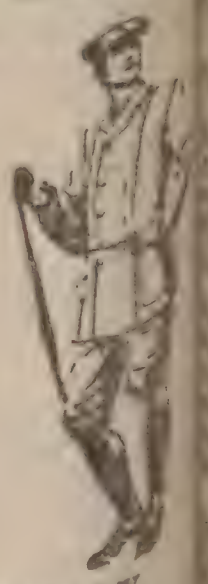
IF IT'S A McKINLEY

That is all you need know about a suit

Because the "McKinley" standard represents the Hall Mark of Tailoring Perfection. The McKinley goods are made from genuine Scotch and English materials, are cut and tailored by expert workmen, and although sold at lower prices than is usual for high-class goods, they have all the qualities of goods for which double the price is charged elsewhere.

Suits (to measure) 25/- to 50/-
Overcoats ,, 21/- to 45/-

Carriage Paid. No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.



Send to-day for our Booklet "MN," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY,
Tailoring Dept.,
7, Gresham St., London, E.C.

ady to choose the wool, or you may never get eyond the stock "heather mixture."

Get the wool yourself and choose whatever olour you prefer. You can get self-coloured ool in almost any shade you are likely to equire, and there is no reason why home-hade socks should be any less smart than hose bought in a shop.

The materials will cost you a shilling or o, for which, you may say, you could get a very decent pair of socks ready made.

But as a matter of fact there is no com-arison in warmth and wearing capacity. You ouch wear the home-made ones, on and off, for months without their requiring darning.

You are lucky indeed if you can find any-one to undertake the job for you, but if, like most men, you cannot, I believe that socks are among the few items in a man's dress where it pays to buy cheap ones.

Unless you can afford the very best, it will save endless trouble in darning and wash-ing if you can use socks that you can wear once or twice and then throw away without serious loss.

WHY DRESS WELL?

It is not often that I concern myself with the philosophy of clothes, for I take it that my duty is rather to describe to readers of THE MODERN MAN what are the latest fashions in man's habiliment, and not to defend or excuse the interest which has been evidenced on these pages.

The matter was put before me very bluntly, however, by a reader, and I am challenged to give a reply.

"Why," he says, "should a man bother about clothes at all. If he is decently clad, that should be enough, and all fashions should be left for women and girls.

"You should remember, Captain Saunders, that beneath a dirty shirt there may be an honest heart."

I agree with my reader that beneath a dirty shirt there may be an honest heart; but it is seldom that there is a clean skin.

Foppery in all its forms is a thing that I have condemned many times, and I have set up as my ideal in the matter of dressing, neat-ness, cleanness, and general good taste. The man who is clean and tidy in his clothes is the same in regard to his person. I may say that the most fastidious men in the matter of clothes are amongst the most athletic that I know.

There is, to my thinking, one very strong reason why a man should turn himself out as well as he can afford to do, and that is the comfort and confidence which good clothes give him.

Everyone has experienced the accession of self-confidence, and even courage, which well-cut and well-cared-for clothes bring to one.

I do not, however, think that I need go further in the argument, for I believe that this alone is a sufficient reply to the reader concerned.

DAMPING TROUSERS.

If trousers have become shabby and rather bagged at the knees, ordinary pressing in a trouser-press will not produce the desired effect, but you can usually get it by damping them slightly before you put them into the press.

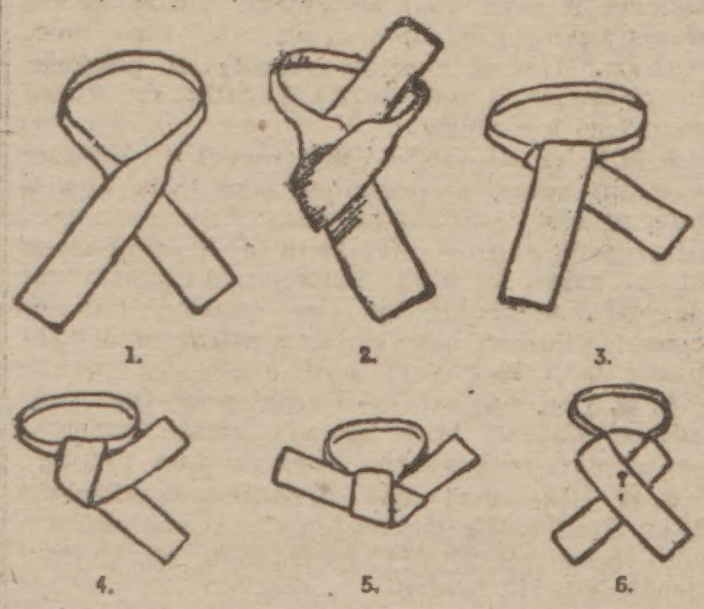
A very simple way is to place a damp towel between the legs of the garment while it is being pressed. In this case, however, care should be taken to see that the trousers are not actually damp when you put them on next morning, for damp garments of any sort are always dangerous.

If a towel is not available for the purpose, an excellent plan is to sprinkle the cloth lightly with water by means of a shaving-brush, but this, of course, will not damp them so evenly.

HOW TO TIE A STOCK TIE.

A considerable time ago I wrote, at the request of the Editor, a description illustrated with diagrams of the correct way to tie a stock tie.

Since then I have continually received letters from readers who did not happen to see the original article asking for information, and I am therefore reproducing the diagrams in this number with a few words of explanation, as I did recently in the case of a similar article on bow ties.



The diagrams show an ordinary stock tie or "albert," but the method is precisely the same for a hunting stock.

The length of the ends to start with is not as important as in the case of the bow tie, as they will be covered by the waistcoat, but the end that is crossed over (the left from the wearer's point of view) should be slightly longer at the start.

The knot, as shown completed in figure 5, should not be pulled too tight in order that the tie may sit properly.

To finish the stock as shown in figure 6, the two ends are brought down and crossed, being fixed with a tie-pin or gold safety-pin to the centre piece of the knot.

The knot must, of course, be drawn tight to the neck, between the second and third positions, as it cannot be adjusted at a later stage.

A MAN'S SLIPPERS.

The main object of slippers, I suppose, is that they should be comfortable. If a man wants to turn himself out in respectable indoor footwear he wears pumps.

I have in my possession a pair of slippers that I still cherish, although their first youth is long past.

In their better and brighter days they were both comfortable, and as smart as a pair of slippers that a man wears only at home need be.

The slippers are of plain black velvet, lined with warm red flannel and with leather soles, but on the front of each is the crest of my old school, cut from a couple of anti-quated school caps that I came across in my "bottom drawer."

Some of my readers have no doubt been presented by lady admirers with slippers which they have worked with their own fair hands.

Even if you do get the slippers ready made-up, and if they do happen to be the right size—which has never been my good fortune—they are probably not things of beauty. Worked woollen or embroidered slip-pers always seem suggestive of old age and gout somehow or other

If, on the other hand, you receive the upper part of the slippers in the flat, so to speak, it is going to cost you a good deal more than the price of a good new pair to get them made up to fit.

With my old velvet slippers there is none of this trouble. I got them for about half a crown at a bootmaker's shop and had the crests stitched on for a few pence extra, and they have worn better than many a pair of leather slippers.

There must be many men who have old school or college crests or club badges that they are unwilling to throw away, and I suggest this as an admirable use for them. If necessary the crests can be bought for the purpose, for in most cases they are obtainable separately for a very small sum.

TAILORING BY POST.

There are, I know, many who still hold that it is impossible to get satisfaction by ordering a suit through the post, but I for one admit that I have been converted.

You will remember that some weeks ago I recommended my readers to give Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, of 7, Gresham Street, E.C., a trial order, and I am glad to learn from my correspondence that many have done so. I am much obliged to those who have written thanking me for the recommendation.

BEATING YOUR CLOTHES.

The clothes-brush is by no means such a common article in most continental countries as it is in our own islands.

Its place is taken by a simple little contrivance known in France as a *baguette à battre les habits*, or, in other words, a stick to beat clothes with.

However much clothes are brushed, it is difficult to get all the dust out of the cloth, and very severe brushing does not tend to improve the surface of the material.

A good beating, on the other hand, can do no harm to a suit when all the pockets are emptied, and it will surprise you to see what a lot of superfluous matter you have been carrying about with you when the dust begins to fly.

A suit, like some little boys, wants a good thrashing occasionally, to keep it in order.

Oatine

When the face tingles and burns after shaving, OATINE immediately soothes the irritated skin and relieves all tenderness.

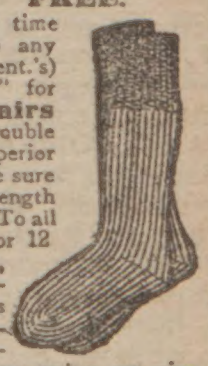
A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Bldgs, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

GENT.'S HOSE.

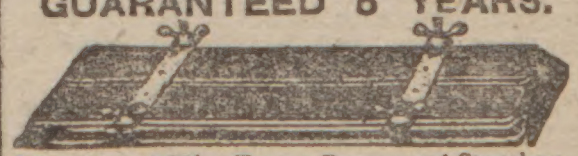
FREE, ABSOLUTELY FREE.



As an advertisement and for a short time only we will send **post free** and to any address, **3 pairs** (either Ladies' or Gent.'s) of our well-known "**Marvel Hose**" for the ridiculous amount of **1s. 4d.**, or **6 pairs for 2s. 6d.** Equal to those sold at double the price elsewhere. The quality and superior finish of these socks and stockings we are sure will give you every satisfaction. For strength and durability they cannot be equalled. To all THE MODERN MAN readers sending 5s. for 12 pairs, we will present **absolutely free, half-dozen** pure white pocket **handkerchiefs** (Ladies' or Gent.'s) same as sold elsewhere at 6d. each. We are confident of your future patronage and recommendation when you see the marvellous value we give. Send at once.

THE MARVEL HOSE CO.,
(Dept. N) **111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.**

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



Price **5/9**
Gives an elegant crease.
Carriage paid.
4/11
Unpolished.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. **7 days' approval.** Money returned if not satisfied.
Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

H. C. (Bristol).—By all means have your teeth seen to; it will be one of the best investments you have ever made, for good teeth help you towards attaining good health. Avoid all "dental institutes" and other quack firms, and give your patronage to a qualified man.

S. F. (Hackney) is a hairdresser by trade, and proposes starting what he calls a "razor supply office" in the City, to provide well-set razors to those men who prefer to shave themselves, at a charge of 4s. 6d. a year. He asks us whether the scheme would be likely to prove profitable. We are afraid not. London is a big place, and a man who works in one part of the City is much too tired at the end of his day's work to go to some other part for the razor that he is to use next morning.

J. B. J. (Westcliff).—Leave all these lotteries severely alone.

B. G. N. (Norwich).—Communicate with Mr. D. J. R. Edwards, 20, Orford Place, Norwich, who is getting up a MODERN MAN Club in that city, and give him every assistance in your power.

F. G. S. (Exeter).—To improve your talents in playing billiards, you should have a few lessons from the marker at the best billiard-room in your city.

R. R. (Warwick).—Ask your saddler to lend you a few bits and see which one suits your horse best.

S. C. H. (Cardiff).—A MODERN MAN Club has not yet been established in your town. Perhaps you or some other reader will take the trouble of organising one.

R. D. W. (Frinton-on-Sea).—Thank you for your suggestion. We are having an article prepared on the subject you mention.

H. N. P. (Ilfracombe) wants us to collect all the stamps on letters received from foreign correspondents, and to send them to him. We do our best to oblige our readers, but this would demand too much time.

B. F. R. (Manchester).—The secretary of the Manchester MODERN MAN Club is Mr. S. Mellor, 17, Aqueduct Street, Ducie Street, Manchester.

H. B. (Enfield).—Your name will appear in our London list.

A. E. G. (Shepherd's Bush).—We have never heard of the song you mention, but if the music is as weak as the words, we congratulate ourselves on not having met it.

F. W. (London, W.C.).—One of the best London teachers of Ju-jitsu is Mr. Vernon Smith, adjoining Bush Hotel, Shepherd's Bush.

J. A. B. (Oldham).—The secretary of the Oldham Club is Mr. Albert Longley, 32, Middleton Road, Oldham. Join at once.

G. G. T. (Castlebar) wants to know the rules of THE MODERN MAN League. They are very simple. All the members are asked to do is to further good fellowship and good sportsmanship in every way that may lie in their power.

A. W. (Elgin).—Fob chains look rather out of place when worn with a lounge suit.

J. G. (Hulme) wants to know the cheapest way of making a curling fluid for the hair. Our advice to him is to drop any such idea. If a man was born with straight hair it probably suits him best, and he should leave it straight.

C. N. (Dundee).—You ask us what is the price of the "Harmsworth Atlas and Gazetteer," published by The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 201, Temple Chambers, London. We should think that the obvious course was to write to the company publishing the book in question. Personally we know nothing of it, nor of its price. The company to which you refer is, of course, one of Lord Northcliffe's. We do not know why his lordship saw fit to run his instalment books from a separate establishment, but possibly he knows his own business best.

F. D. LEIGH, The College, Chester, wants to correspond with a reader in Japan.

C. H. (Manchester).—A cold sponge-down in the mornings, if a bath is not possible, is very refreshing. Soak the sponge in water, squeeze it over your shoulders, dip it in the water again, and rub the whole of your body with it. Get it over as rapidly as possible, in order to avoid catching cold, for these mornings are chilly.

H. M. L. (Poole).—In this week's number Captain Saunders describes very fully how a hunting-stock should be tied. Any good outfitter will supply you with a hunting-stock at a price varying between 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., according to the quality. As to colour, you can have either a white or a light blue; both look very well.

H. S. (Birmingham).—Thank you for your advice, but we have already made ourselves acquainted with all the laws relating to libel.

C. W. (Kentish Town).—The nearest MODERN MAN Club is the Harlesden one. Communicate with the secretary, Mr. F. Dawson, 15, Bramsden Road, Harlesden.

W. W. (Newport).—"Manners for Men," by "Madge," of "Truth," is one of the best books on etiquette. It is a pity that you did not take this paper up sooner, for some time ago we ran a very exhaustive series of articles on masculine etiquette, and there are some more to follow.

F. C. A. (Hawkhurst), **H. J.** (Swansea), **A. G.** (Bolton), **C. W. M.** (Folkestone), **W. R.** (Warrington), **T. D.** (Melbourne), **D. R. J.** (Lower Bebington), **J. T. S.** (Great Yarmouth), **A. E.** (New York), **T. R.** (Bedford).—Our best thanks to you.

MORE MEMBERS.

The list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League is continued below. We shall be glad to hear as soon as possible of any errors or omissions in the list for these towns, or of any changes of address. New members will be welcomed, and those who contemplate joining and availing themselves of the possibilities for making new friends of the right sort which the League presents, are referred to the notice appearing on another page. Their names will be published in a supplementary list containing all necessary corrections.*

GLASGOW *(continued).*
T. WATSON, 80, Elder Street, Govan.
R. WATT, 279, Springburn Road.
T. WATT, 28, Balmuna Street.
E. P. WESTON-CORNER, Palmerston Villa, N. Avenue, Govan.
T. WHARRIE, 20, Woodrow Road, Pollokshields.
H. WILLIAMSON, 26, Camden Street, S.S.
A. WILSON, 4, Millarbank Street, Springburn.
J. WILSON, 551, Dalmarnock Road.
M. J. WILSON, 147, Hospital Street.
T. WILSON, 474, Springburn Road.
H. WRIGHT, 2, Hill Street, Springburn.
J. WRIGHT, 25, Kay Street, Springburn.
J. WYLIE, 26, Newton Street, Charing Cross.
C. YOUNG, 52, Sherbrooke Avenue, Maxwell Pak.

GLENGARNOCK.
T. CAIRNS, 80, Lochend Road.

GLEN-NEATH.
T. P. REES, 3, Avon View.
J. WILLE, Margam House.

GLOSSOP.
E. BEARDWOOD, The Mount, Sunlaws Street.
H. GOGGINS, 36, Edward Street.

GLOUCESTER.
F. A. BALLINGER, 4, Arthur Street.
L. W. T. CHAPMAN, Hinton Villas, Tredworth Road.
G. COLLINGBOURNE, 1, Croydon Villas, Balfour Road.
E. J. COOKE, 2, Cromwell Villas, Cromwell Street.
G. DAVID, Pike House, Quedgeley.
A. S. DUNN, 31, St. Michael's Square.
W. B. GODWIN, 11, Market Parade.
W. M. GODWIN, St. Aldate's House, St. Aldate Street.
A. P. GREEN, 31, Stratton Road.
W. GUNSTON, 75, Blenheim Road.
L. A. HARVEY, 3, St. Kilda Parade.
H. E. HOLLOWAY, "Sunnyside," Saintsbridge.
H. G. IRELAND, Staff, 1st County Asylum, Wotton.
E. JONES, 6, St. Mark Street.
R. L. JONES, 15, Falkner Street.
T. MORGAN, 84, Falkner Street.
E. H. MORRIS, 27, Cromwell Street.
R. MOSES, Adderley House, Bristol Road.
A. H. PENVER, 49, Stroud Road.
E. W. PERCY, 31, Bristol Road.
P. L. PHILLIPS, Bernard House.

GLOUCESTER *(continued).*
H. RALPH, 1, Sellack Villas, Bristol Road.
E. RICKET, 4, Arthur Street.
A. ROGERS, 89, Oxford Road.
L. O. SMITH, 5, Farm Street.
F. C. STEPHENS, 20, London Road.
B. E. TOOMEY, East End Villa, Barton Street.
F. H. WEEKS, "Laurel Bank," Stroud Road.

GOLBORNE.
E. J. MARSH, 2, School Terrace.
H. J. MARSH, 59, High Street.

GOLSPIE.
W. R. J. GORDON, Heavitree House.

GOOLE.
G. HAMMOND, 32, Ouse Street.
G. E. SMITH, 9, Sutton Street.

GORSEINON.
R. DAVIES, 6, West Street.
W. S. WEBB, Cynhordy House, Brighton Road.

GOSPORT.
H. W. BEAR (Gunner), 23rd Siege Co., Royal Co
Artillery, Fort Grange.
W. DIMPSEY (Rifleman), E Co., 1st King's Royal
Corps, New Barracks.
E. DRAYCOTT, (Rifleman), 1st King's Royal Rifle C
Fort Gomer.
W. K. EDWARDS, Officer's Mess, 1st King's Royal
Corps.
J. B. HAMMOND, Royal Clarence Yard.
B. KING, 91, Mayfield Road, Stoke Road.
W. PRESCOTT, Clyde Cottage, 29, Leesland Road.

GOUROCK.
H. J. OGLETHORPE, 9, Royal Street.
J. THOMSON, 19, Royal Street.

GRANGEMOUTH.
G. W. GARDNER, 74, Grange Street.
F. L. PATON, 25, Marshall Street.
A. WALMSLEY, Wallace Street.

GRANTHAM.
W. A. ABLEWHITE, Long Bennington.
G. CUSSINS, 12, Rutland Street.
E. TYERS, 1, Oxford Street.
S. WILLMER, 9, Railway Terrace.

GRANTON.
T. HAIG, Clifton Lodge, Boswell Road.

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.
J. M. ANDERSON, 33, High Street.
W. G. ANDERSON, 33, High Street.
W. MARSHALL, 23, High Street.

GRAVESEND.
J. G. BODIMEADE, 37, Havelock Road.
R. R. CROSS, "Bardowie," Wrotham Road.
H. HOLDEN, Lebanon Cottage, Albion Terrace.

GREAT CROSBY.
W. E. BRUCE, "Gowanbrae," 16, College Road.

GREAT HARWOOD.
J. McCANN, 35, Lime Street.

GREAT MARLOW.
E. TENNANT, Spittal Street.

GREAT MILTON.
E. F. CASEY.
F. CRANHAM, The Priory.

GREAT MISSENDEN.
H. GIBSON, "Sylvania," Peterley Corner.

GREAT SUTTON (NEAR CHESTER).
T. D. WILLIAMS, "Sunnyside."

GREAVES.
S. SMITH, 1, Ash Grove.

GREENHITHE.
S. HORTIS, 67, Knockhall Chase.

GREENOCK.
J. COLTART, 23, West Blackhall Street.
R. E. GLENNY, 18, Drumfrochar Road.
F. G. HERBERT, "Redlands."
J. MARTIN, 3, Macdougall Street.
W. MENZIES, 9, Newton Street.
S. H. SHORTO, 18, Octavia Cottages.
J. A. WHYTE, 5, Kelly Street.

GRIFFITHS TOWN.
L. G. NOWELL, Star Cottage, Wem Road.

GRIMSBY.
A. CLARKE, 100, Alexandra Road, West Marsh.
J. EDGE, 250, Burgess Street.
H. R. HARVEY, 31, Eleanor Street.
F. L. LASCOT, 250, Hainton Avenue.
C. L. MYERS, Dring's Hotel, Cleethorpe Road.

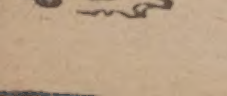
GUERNSEY.
C. W. ARNOLY, St. John's.
W. T. LE CHEMINANT, 48, Mount Durand.
H. K. PAYNE, 2, Glatney Esplanade.
F. PERCHARD, 2, Cameron Street, St. Jacques.
A. RICHARD, Cordier Hill, St. Peter Port.
C. H. TOMS, 11, Mill Street.

GUILDFORD.
J. W. CARPENTER, Merrow Grange.

GUISBROUGH.
A. H. FORDHAM, 2, Chaloner Street.
T. WOODCOCK, Westgate.

GUNNISLAKE.
M. NANKIVELL, Thornleigh, Chilsworthy.
H. WOOLCOCK, Thornleigh, Chilsworthy.
R. WOOLCOCK, Thornleigh, Chilsworthy.

(To be continued.)



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